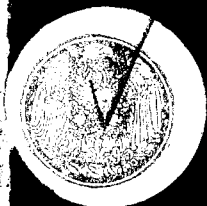


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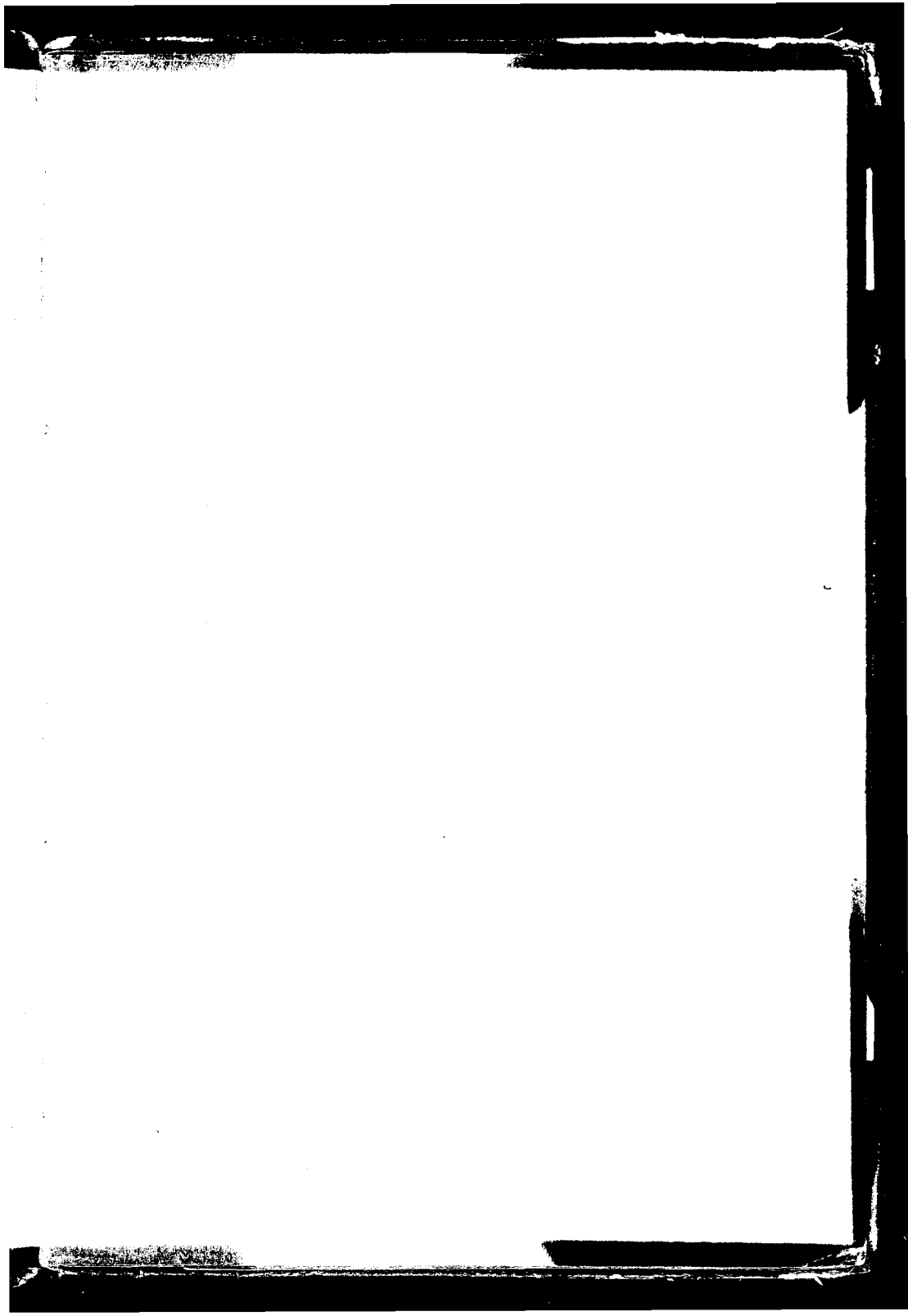
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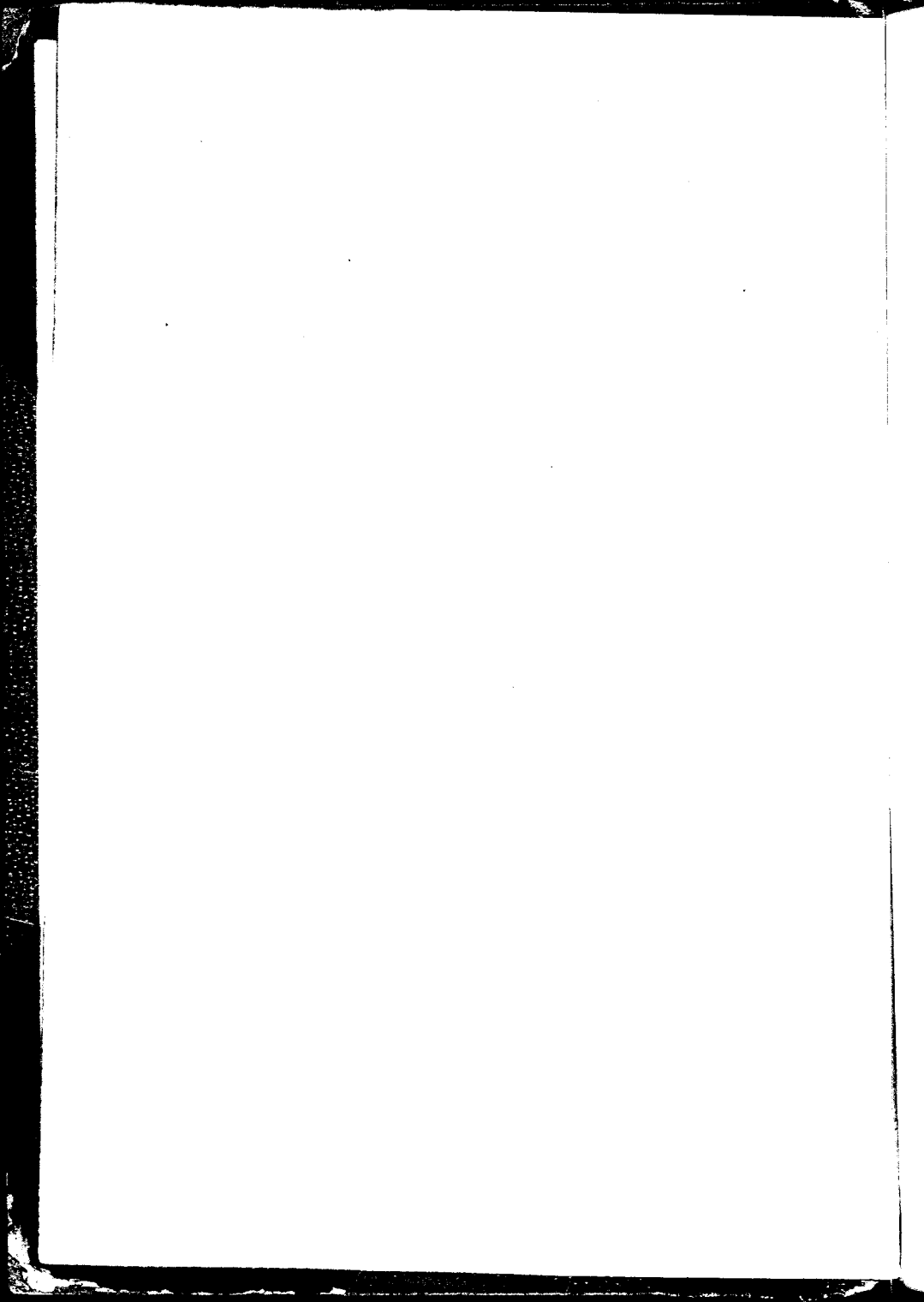
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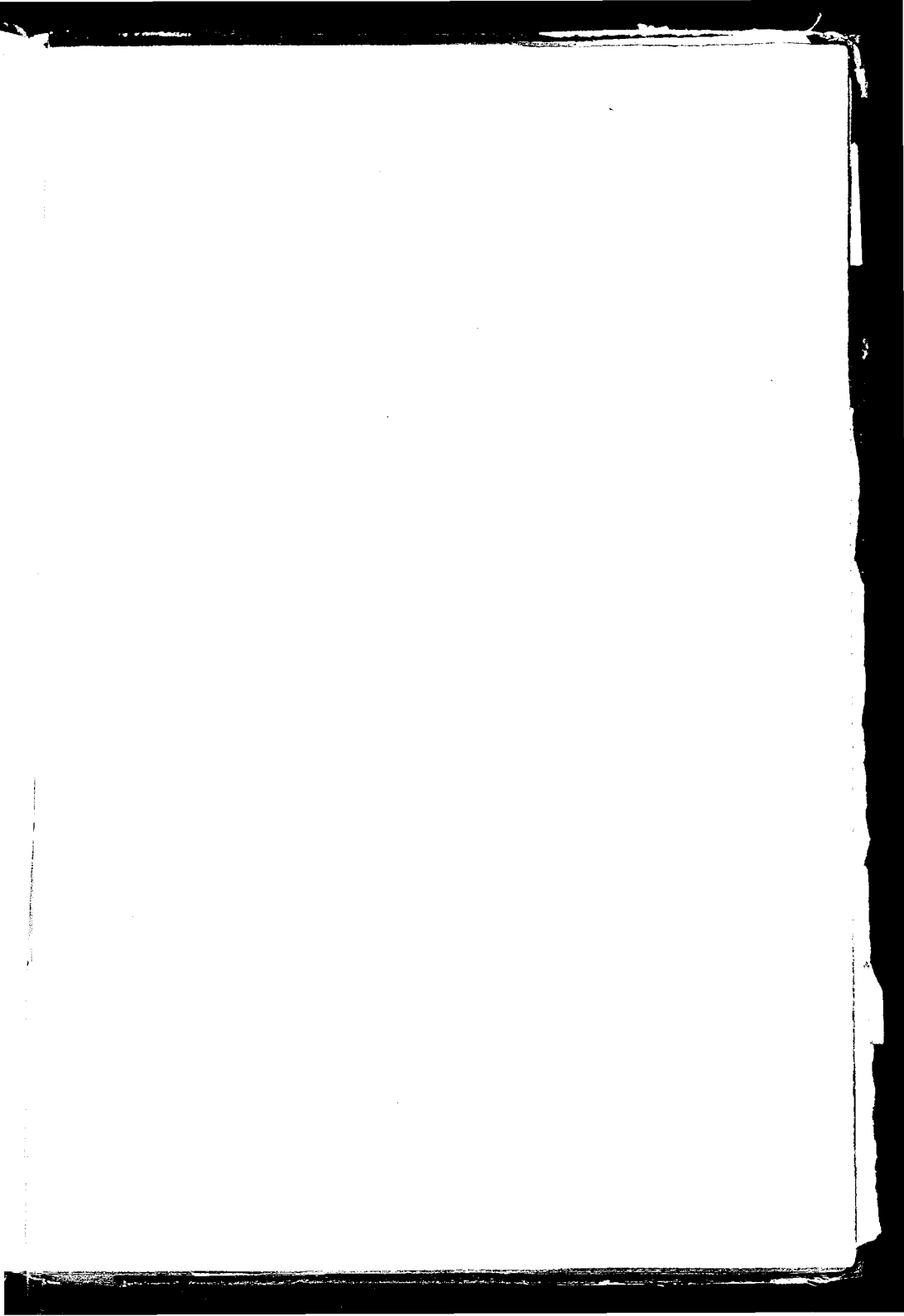
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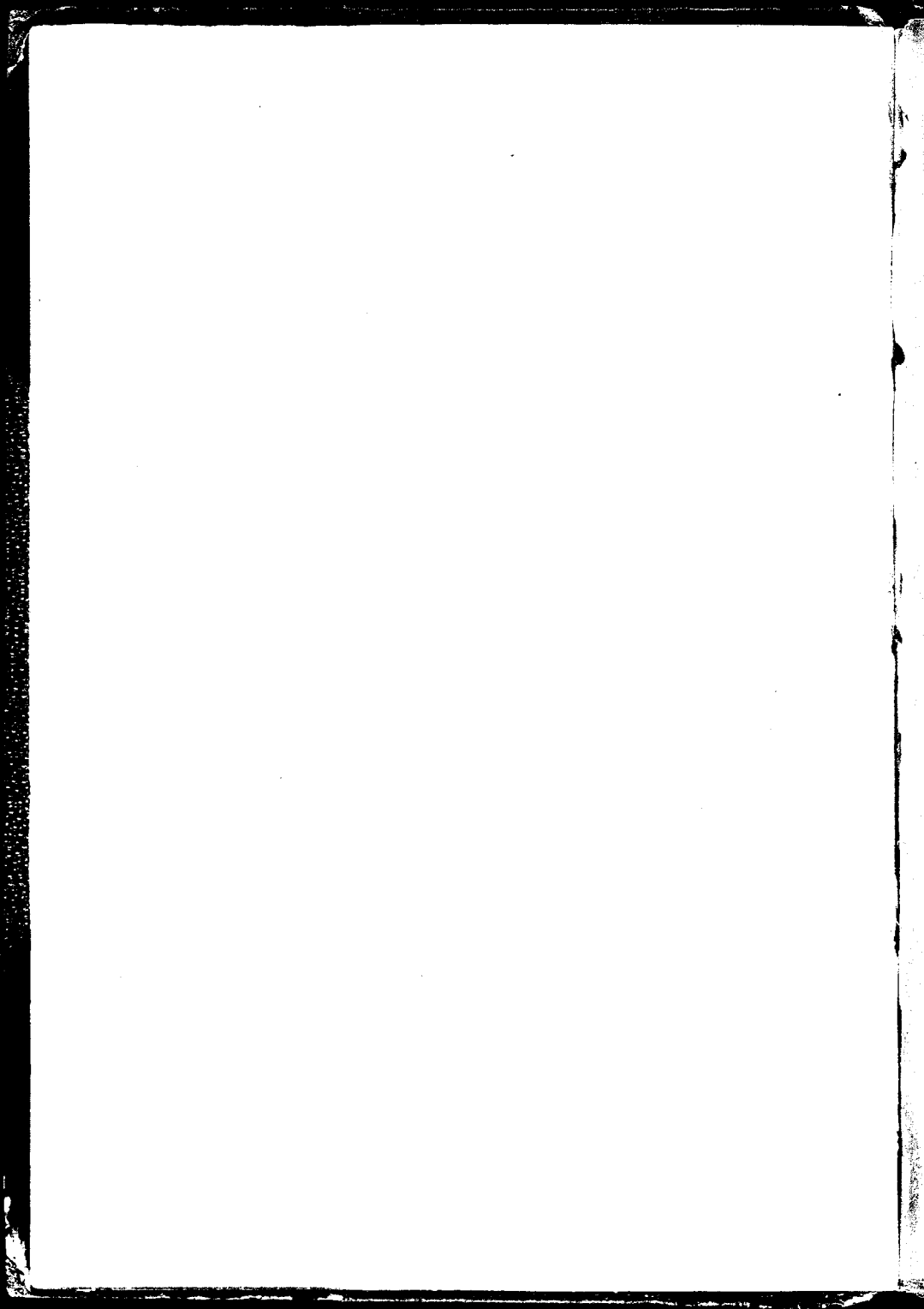
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









THE CATHOLIC AMERICAN PLAY OF THE YEAR.

THE WORLD'S FAIR DRAMA.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,

WITH TABLEAU, DIRECTIONS TO AMATEURS ON
POINTS OF EXPERIENCE, SCENERY, COS-
TUMES, ETC.

WRITTEN FOR THE 06801 FEB 3 1893

QUADRICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.

OF

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

BY

V. REV. M. M. A. HARTNEDY, Dean.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY

THE COLUMBUS CLUB.

JOHN DILLON, Sec'y,

409 N. 4th Street,
Steubenville, Ohio.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

NEW YORK:

P. J. KENEDY,

EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE,
5 Barclay Street.

CHICAGO:

W. H. SADLIER,

PUBLISHER,
67 & 69 Washington Street.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THE SCENERY AND PROPERTIES USED IN THIS DRAMA.

Scenery. This Drama has the good fortune to require no Special Scenery. The regular Stock Scenery to be found in all Opera Houses will prove satisfactory.

A few rough maps sketched by hand, a picture or two, a crucifix, etc., will make up any interior suitable for Scenes I. and II. The Court Scenes require only a good arrangement of best Interior scenes. The ordinary stage house will become the Convent (Scene I. Act II.) by the addition of a few wooden Crosses. The Camp—(Scene II. Act II.) an improvised tent with wood scene gives the Combination. The Embarkation (Scene III. Act II.) and the Landing of Columbus, use the ordinary water view with shore borders changed.

With such materials, found on every stage, any amateur, by using a little taste and judgment, can set the stage for this Drama.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Ship. Any carpenter can make the frame of the SANTA MARIA *on a flat* from the picture of same in a few hours, from picture here given. The size should be as large as can be worked on the stage.

Cover hull of ship with muslin, then paint, as picture shows. Sails and rope—muslin and cordage.

Ship is fastened on platform, which, pulled by a rope, moves on concealed wheels.

Ship may be omitted if you can do no better. In that case weigh anchor, so as to be heard, not seen.

The Globe in first Scene. Make frame of wood about 2ft. in diameter, cover with linen, and finish by drawing rough outline map—*the world then known*.

For Flags, Astrolabe, etc., see any large illustrated Dictionary.

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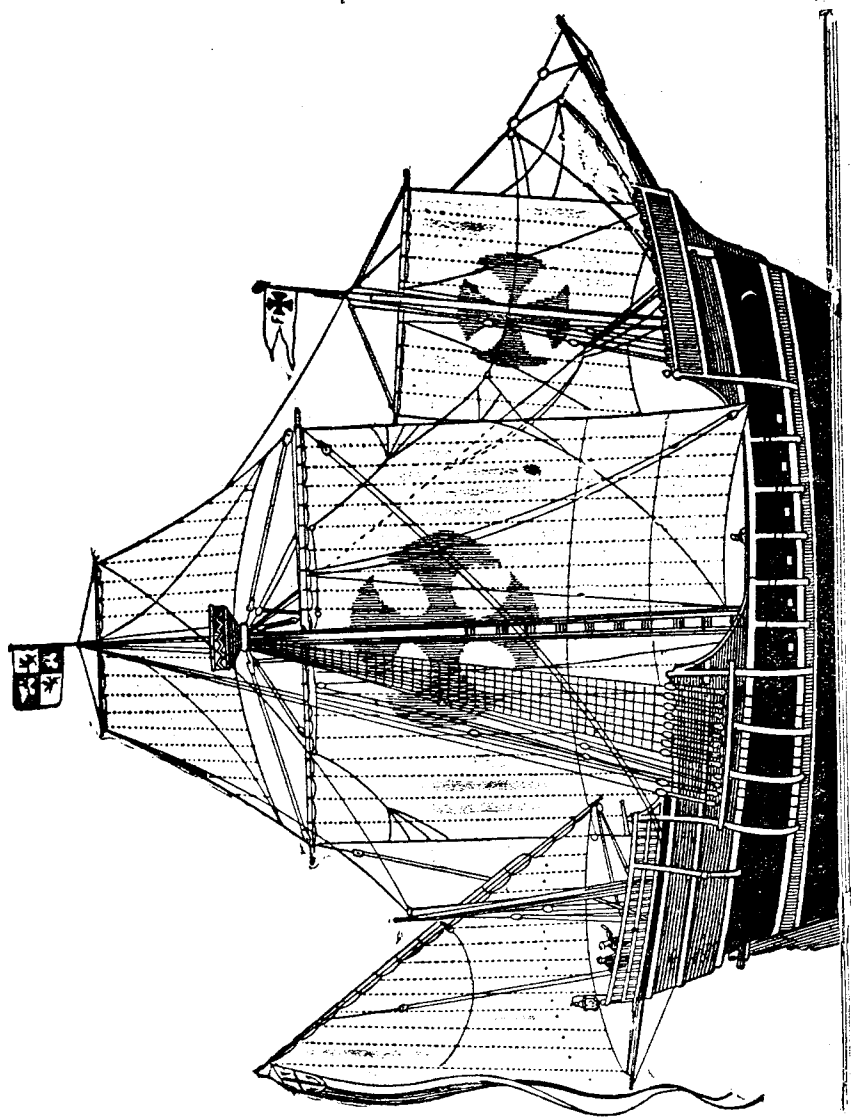
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The "SANTA MARIA" from an ancient painting.
and using on stage.—See inside of front cover. A scale of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to the ft. is advised, making ship 21 ft. long by 18 ft. high.

P R E F A C E.

DESIRING to celebrate the 400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America with a suitable Dramatic entertainment to be given by our local Dramatic Club, the Author was surprised at being unable to find any Drama written on the subject "Christopher Columbus."

Rather, then, than to abandon the idea he was tempted to give the present form, in haste, to the well known story already intensely dramatic in its outlines.

In order to obtain copies for the immediate use of our Club, it became necessary to give it to the printer. Even so, perhaps it will, in some measure, meet the wants of those who like ourselves are unable to find anything better or more suitable for the celebration of the Columbian Centennial.

THE AUTHOR.

STEUBENVILLE, O. Aug. 3rd., 1892.

THE COLUMBUS DRAMATIC CLUB.

TO AMATEURS, AND ALL INTERESTED IN THIS PLAY.

POINTS FROM OUR OWN EXPERIENCE WHICH CLAIM CONSIDERATION.

After seeing this Drama produced on the Stage, the Author and his Dramatic Club, whilst flattered with the success achieved, felt that the following suggestions founded on our own practical experience should be added here, for the guidance of amateurs and those who direct them in presenting this Drama.

Time of Preparation. We had only one month. In that short time we provided everything and produced the Play in full, to the entire satisfaction of our Director and the public. PROCEEDS \$406.20. We see no reason why others should not do as well, we feel assured that many will do far better, especially if they have more time for preparation.

The Play is long enough for a full evening's entertainment:—two hours and a half, or over.

Can be Cut. But should it be desirable to *Shorten it*, before beginning rehearsal, strike out from the text with your pencil, such sentences and parts as may be omitted, taking care to preserve the thread of the story. *The Play may thus be cut to suit the Occasion.*

Talent. With a good *Christopher Columbus* the play can be creditably rendered even if the other characters are below the average.

Number of Characters. As *Columbus* has the principal part in every Scene, only a small portion falls to each of the others—some having only a few lines.

Advantage. This makes it easy for one person to take two or more characters where talent is scarce, and provides a place for a great number of persons where talent is plenty.

Home Talent. To secure an audience, any play produced by Home talent, depends on the number of people interested in the success of those taking part in the performance. "The Gypsy Kings" a motion Song and Dance (Act I. Scene 3.) may introduce a stage full of school children, and will prove an attractive feature.

Music and Singing. The Church Choir or any musical talent available will find place in the Vespers of the Convent Scene, and any number of musicians, singers and dancers, can take part in the song of the Troubadours.

Amusements before the Court. Here may be utilized any specialties available in dancing, juggling, tumbling, &c., but the play is complete without them.

Variety. Thus the play has the capacity to absorb all the local talent of almost any locality, whether Parish, Church, School, College, Village or Town.

Clown. **The King's Fool** is found to be a most important character for the success of this play. He makes his own program, and as the comedy feature of the Court Scenes, enlivens the whole Drama with a touch of the bright air of the popular circus.

Columbus Celebration. It was written for this but it is hoped it will be a popular play for general use. It is educational, and true to History. It has been said of this play "that it gives a better idea of Columbus and his times, than could be given in a whole course of lectures."

Pastors can make it a success anywhere. It will develop the talent of the young people and bring a few Hundred Dollars to help any good cause.

Societies will find it no less attractive for reasons given above.

Colleges where an abundance of male talent is always found, will have no difficulty in finding a few to personate the few female characters in this Drama.

It is Practical. From these suggestions and details on inside covers, it is hoped that the present Drama is about as practical as it can be made, and asking for it an indulgent reception in the spirit in which it is tendered, we send it forth to celebrate the Columbian year.

THE COLUMBUS DRAMATIC CLUB.

Oct. 31st, 1892.

JOHN DILLON SEC.,

409 N. 4th st.,

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
BARTHOLOMEW, his brother.
BEATRICE, his wife and the baby FERNANDO.
DIEGO, his son.
KING FERDINAND.
QUEEN ISABELLA.
CARDINAL MENDOZA.
ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA.
PINZON, commander of the Pinta.
COMMODORE MARINO, of the Portuguese fleet.
CAPTAIN CANO, an old sea dog.
BO'SN CARAVALLA, a boatman of Lisbon.
IRISH WILL, a sailor from Galway.
BIBULO, a sailor very fond of grog.
FATHER JUAN PEREZ, prior of La Rabida.
BROTHER GUIDO, a Franciscan monk.
CORREO, a Royal Messenger.
ENRIQUEZ, a neighbor in Cordova.
DR. TOTO, an oracle.
DE CONCILIO, of the King's Council.
ALONZO, Royal Secretary and Notary.
SAN ANGELO, Almoner.
AN ANGEL, sent to Columbus.
CHORUS, AS ATLANTA, Spirit of the Deep.
MARCHIONESS DE MOYA.
KING'S FOOL.
A SENTINEL.
A PAGE.
Sailors' wives and children.
Musicians and Dancers for amusement of the Court.
Indians.
Sailors, Courtiers and attendants.

FOR CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU, SEE LAST PAGE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

ACT I.

SCENE. I. LISBON. *The Mapseller's Shop of Bartholomew Columbus. Bartholomew fixing up Maps and Instruments. Christopher at a table in deep study over a Map.*

COL. [*wearily folding up map*]. Like this it seems to me the world is but a scroll, secreted in its depths yet impenetrable its mysteries lie unfolded. Would that I to others might make plain what now to me seems clear and shining as the stars in heaven!

BART. What now, brother Christopher? Dreaming again? It seems to me a practical man, that whilst I live in easy circumstances by selling paper worlds to those that want to wander after adventures, you overburden your mind in chasing empty phantoms all your life.

COL. Bartholomew! peace, 'tis real, 'tis not a phantom. 'Tis real, aye real, as real as this is Lisbon! But you, of late, seem sadly like the rest. Brother, I fear your ears have been abused concerning this project. What of late befell to sour your confidence in this matter?

BART. [*taking a seat at table*]. For twenty years here in this port of royal Lisbon where the tide of the swelling Tagus invites all mariners to safe anchorage from the storms of the fearful ocean, I in my capacity of hydrographer in supplying maps and charts, and all sorts of scientific instruments for the safe navigation of the world of waters, have endeavored to add to my stock of knowledge the experience of all the celebrated toilers of the sea that touch this port. They have come from the Ultima Thule of the far north, they have come from the Levant beyond the Archipelago, aye, and from the boiling waters of the south seas below Cape Verde. I have conversed with men, who have by hundreds of leagues passed the furthest point of land to the west, the Azores, almost lost in the ocean; and I think it foolhardy and vain to tempt Providence by trying to go further than mortal man can go, or, what is further, than God intended him to go, and so I put the experience of the whole seafaring world—facts mind you—facts—hard facts against all the theories you can spin—

you, by putting the two ends of your map together, try to make round what God made square! [*Striking the table.*]

COL. Well, not so fast, not so fast, brother. You might admit that if the world is not round like a ball, it might, at least, be round like a circle, for so the world appears as we look around us, the earth and sky meeting in a circle all around the horizon.

BART. Yes, truly—but who hasn't heard of the four corners of the world? What else does north, south, east and west mean?

Enter CAPT. CANO.

But here is Capt. Cano, who, but yesterday arrived from the coast of Guinea, where the ocean boils beneath the sun. Perhaps his experience can give us both a point.

COL. Glad to meet you, Sir. As my brother Bartholomew, tells you, I am devoting my life to carrying out a theory which I have been studying for many years, namely, that the world we live on is round like a ball.

CAPT. C. [*excitedly*]. God! what an idea!

COL. [*continuing*]. That north and south are merely points on which the globe turns, that east and west means this way and that, merely right or left till both directions meet around the world on the other side.

CAPT. C. Great God!

COL. [*continuing*]. Consequently, that too, far east is west, that like a continuous line around the globe you can come east by going west, by traveling in a circle around and around the world as I draw my finger around this hat. [*Describing operation with his hat.*]

BART. [*with a sneer*]. If a man would keep his head safe, he'd better keep out of that hat and that business, I say.

CAPT. C. [*breaking in laughing*]. Well said, but we musn't be too hard on the enterprise till we hear the whole story spun out.

COL. [*continuing*]. Hence, to reach the Indies, instead of going over the arid plains of Asia and encountering hostile barbarians, what is more logical than to sail directly west over the ocean till we reach the Indies, in a word, find a better, aye, and a shorter course around the untried and unknown side of the world?

CAPT. C. [*excitedly*]. 'Pon my life, you amaze me, Señor! I'm an old sea dog myself that never quailed at anything any man dared to venture but this!—why, you might as well try to make a voyage to the moon, or up and down cataracts for all that's practical in your dazzling project! [*falls back in his chair and laughs boisterously*]. But 'pon my soul [*striking the table*] I like your spirit. Shake.—There—[*shakes hands*]. If ever you conclude to venture your body in such an enterprise, 'tis just the kind of thing that an old, salty sea dog like me would like to wind up in, for I've been through about every-

thing else that was hard and tough, but this,--why, you must be in jest, 'pon my soul and body. [*Aside to Bart. pointing to his forehead.*] Is he all there?

BART. [*confidentially.*] As much so as ever he was as far as I can see; but to him the world seems obstinate, as he can find no one to agree with him, and what's more, no one can be found who will risk either life, or limb, or purse to carry out such a mad undertaking.

Enter COMMODORE MARINO.

COM. M. Is this the shop of Bart. Columbus who makes maps and instruments for his Majesty's maritime service?

BART. [*rising to meet him.*] Yes, the same Senor, at your service.

COM. M. I'm Com. Marino, perhaps you've heard of me. I've just put into port, and wish to see the latest maps and charts that show the coast line and islands down the African coast. Of course, if in your line, there is anything new to be noted I consider it my duty to be informed for the safety of his Majesty's ships.

CAPT. C. [*introducing himself.*] Exceedingly glad to have the pleasure of introducing myself to the distinguished Com. Marino. I'm Capt. Cano, just arrived from Guinea.

COM. M. Glad to meet you Capt. and if you have any information that I can make use of for the safety of his Majesty's fleet, I'll be glad to note it later, if you call on me. [*to Bart.*] But tell me, Senor, have you not a younger brother, Christopher, who is traveling around from court to court saying this world is round like a ball? mind you, I don't want such theories and fancies to sail by. Experience, you know, is what I go by as all careful men have done before me.

BART. Since you have heard of my brother, Christopher, Com. Marino, I'll have the pleasure of presenting him. He will tell you that I am as careful as yourself that facts and not theories find place in my charts, on the correctness of which the safety of his Majesty's fleet depends, under Divine Providence.

COL. [*rising and bowing to Com. M.*] Exceedingly glad to meet the distinguished Com M., I assure you. Flattered, I assure you, Senor, your servant, Senor, Christopher Columbus. [*Shakes hands.*]

COM. M. *Dios et San Iago.* This is indeed a surprise, a grateful surprise, to meet so distinguished a traveler and man of science, but you'll pardon me Senor Columbus, I am a man of facts, and having heard of your theory at court, will be exceedingly grateful to be favored with your reasons therefor; there is nothing like learning at first hands, as they say. You have been lately at the court of his majesty, John

II. of this kingdom, have you not ?

COL. Yes, His Majesty is well disposed, but evidently not convinced; and I am afraid I'll have to seek further for aid in men and ships for the great undertaking. But come, let us be seated. You're not a stranger, I presume, to the good reputation of our native wine, which you'll do us the honor to sample. [*Sets decanter on table. Both are seated and drink.*]

Enter BO'SN CARAVALLA.

CAR. Good day, Senor Columbus. I am here for the third time to get that chart of all the points within ten leagues of Lisbon. It ought to be a small job for people who pretend to know the whole world and map it out to order on sight. Ten leagues around here is world enough for me; 'tis as far as ever I got, and as far as ever I will get, if I know myself. The man that ten leagues of land and water is not enough for must be hard to please. He must want the earth. Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs boisterously.*]

BART. Come here and join us in some port, Senor Caravalla. [*Presenting him, they shake hands.*] As good a boatman, gentlemen, as ever skipped the Tagus, but the world around here that is bounded by the earth and sky, he tells us, is good enough for him, and what with my brother, Christopher, here, who is always seeking a new world and Com. Marino and Capt. Cano who know all the world we have, we fairly represent all that is, or will be known in the map makers line for all time to come.

CAPT. C. [*laughing.*] Great God, they haven't it on maps how tough it is with those black fellows, down the coast of Guinea, as I'm a sea-dog. [*All laugh.*]

COM. M.—God save thee, good fellow. [*Shakes hands with Bo'sn.*] Thou art one of the old school that learns the world by inches. But the commerce and prosperity of the realm would come to naught if all men were idle dreamers, spending their energies in theories and neglecting the practical business of life, in which such men as you are engaged, namely, the development of local trade, and swelling the opulence of our royal city of Lisbon, which is all the world to you; and so, good man, I am glad to acknowledge your usefulness to king and country.

BO'SN CAR. [*proudly.*] Thanks, thanks, good Com., you do me too much honor. I have always tried to be practical and make the best of my surroundings, leaving the rest of the world to those who live on air and dream of worlds unseen. But, I must hasten; [*rising.*] I left my good man, Bibulo, who tends my boat standing outside whilst I stepped in here for my chart of ten leagues around Lisbon. He'll be off if I wait longer.

CAPT. C. Nay, good Caravalla, call in your man. I've heard of him as 'an odd genius and a sportive fellow. 'Twill

add to the humor of this company. I see the philosophers of our party are altogether too deeply immersed in study to pass the hour pleasantly with good port. [*Drinks.*] Pray thee, call him in. [*Takes up chart and studies it.*]

BO'SN.—To your pleasure, then. [*Rising and going to the door he calls*] Ahoy you, Bibulo!—port this way, fellow,—Hear?

Enter BIBULO.

BIBULO. Aye, aye, Sir! straight as a jibboom from a taffrail. I'm coming.

BO'SN. This good man of mine, Bibulo, waits on your pleasure, gentlemen. Be seated, Bibulo, I'm detained here a little. We'll be off directly.

BIBULO. Blast my starry toplights, but this is better than reefing the jib or splicing the main brace! Any grog in this thing, Bosen? Can't understand [*looking at instruments and charts*] how sea science can make any headway without floating, and for floating there's nothing like grog!

BO'SN. Aye, aye, lad, help yourself. The grog for you, the science for navigators. With sea room enough we'll be all in the swim.

CAPT. C. Now, Senor Columbus, whilst these fellows were prating I've been deeply studying your latest charts and must trouble you to explain. Is it possible that the world can appear to be flat like a table, and actually be round like a ball at the same time?

COL. You have sailed to Guinea, down the African coast: what have you observed?

CAPT. C. Observed? Oh, the beastly natives; black and tanned and boiled and roasted, the more they reached the sun. I suppose if a man could live to go yet further south under the sun where the sea boils, you'd find these same beastly natives with the flesh roasted on their bones—done to a crisp, supposing the Almighty could keep breath in them under the circumstances!

COL. But the heavens, the stars, did you not notice any change with regard to the stars?

CAPT. C. Oh, yes, I got further away from them, of course! And so those in the north around the Great Bear went down, just as the towers of Lisbon sink into the sea on clearing port.

COL. And new stars shone in the southern sky that were never seen in these parts?

CAPT. C. Of course, of course, why not, Senor? Why not change stars along with the rest of the scenery? that's natural!

COL. Correct, good Captain, but the inference escapes you. If the world were flat, all above that plane would be constantly in view; but because in going south the pole star dips till it touches the horizon and is lost to sight, and new

stars rise around the Southern Cross it shows that we are traveling a curved line, a circle, one end of the line coming to view as the other disappears—as light and sight of eyes always make a straight line ;—so much for Philosophy and Geometry which nobody questions. In a word it shows that the earth on which we live is round.

CAPT. C. 'Pon my conscience, Senor, I have seen those things, but you throw a new light into my understanding.

COM. M. But pray, good Senor, are you not aware that Ptolemy, prince of geographers, set the bounds of the earth as Aristotle laid down the lines of logic which no one disputes. The ancients knew where the sun shines 15 hours out of the 24 into which we divide the day. Now, if you can show where the sun is or where it shines, when it leaves us for the night—if you can throw any light on that subject beyond what we have in common, I for one, though a careful man in practical affairs, will be glad to learn from any explanation you can give in support of your famous theory.

COL. Now, good Commodore, here is a map, flat as we see the world around us. Here is the same constructed on a sphere—the one showing the world as it seems, the other as it is. The ancients, judging from the maps of Marinus of Tyre and the geography and astronomy of Ptolemy had knowledge of so much of the earth's surface as takes the sun 15 hours to travel over. The Portuguese by the discovery of the Azores have added to human knowledge a strip of land and ocean wide enough on this side to occupy the sun another hour in passing. So there *can* be but one third more to learn, that part of the world over which the sun shines during the 8 hours of night, to complete our knowledge of the whole earth. This space must be occupied chiefly by Asia, and the narrow ocean separating us from it, which I propose to pass and bring the wealth of India to our harbors directly by sea, whilst we take the light of Christianity to the ends of the earth.

CAPT. C. [*striking table.*] Great, grand, and plausible! Riches, titles and immense fame for those who first find it. Oh, Senor Columbus, you but get up an expedition and I'm with you—westward even to the very west itself, although the sun in setting should come down upon our heads! Bless me for a sea dog won't it be a venture!

BIBULO. Wouldn't go there for all the grog I could swim in. [*All laugh.*]

COL. Don't fear the sun falling on your head in the west when he sets, good Capt., the sun only appears to drop into the water, but if you were there you'd find the sun as far off as ever.

COM. M. Where then does the sun go during the night? It must get down through the sea and by a subterranean way reach the east to rise again next morning.

COL. [*taking great globe.*] Commodore, observe this globe :

believe me, it is in small compass, the very world we live on. Here is Portugal—this point is Lisbon. Here to the west is the Atlantic. We look over here, across Europe towards the Levant, and see the sun rising. We see it pass to the south till it sinks in the west, in the blue Atlantic in the evening. Now, here we stand in Portugal—what more natural than that we can walk or sail around the globe! Walk over Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Asia, or sail around west to Asia as we choose.

BIBULO. [*nudges Bo'sn and they laugh.*] What do you think of that Bo'sn?

BO'SN. I believe in the walking and the sailing too, if we keep in sight of shore, but for the rest I take no stock in it.

COM. M. But, Señor Columbus, we can stand here or sail hereabout whether the earth is flat or curving, because we are on top: but if we should sail down hill—here on the Atlantic, for instance, how could we sail up hill again, sail up a hill hundreds of leagues high, all water? Oh no, Señor, you may succeed, if you set such little value on your precious anatomy as to try this, in sailing down, down, down, but you will never get back. Any fool—pardon me—no offense, I assure you, Señor—can tumble down a cataract, but who can swim one up? Ha! ha! ha!

CAPT. C. Well said, Commodore, and I see the same objection to the idea of walking around the world. Here we stand in Portugal, on top. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that the world is round, then we stand exactly here as if we were standing on the great dome of the Cathedral on top with our heads up and our feet down, but let one attempt to walk down the dome his feet would soon be up and his head down, and how any decent Christian would try to go around the world that way surprises me, even if it were possible. Ha! ha! ha!

BIBULO. [*aside.*] He'd fall off and break his cursed neck. [*Laughs.*]

COL. Capt. even should such be the case and one should try it he would never be aware of it. If one should walk round this globe his head would always be up to the sky and his feet down to the globe, all the way around.

BO'SN. [*excitedly.*] Wouldn't he fall off?

COL. [*laughing.*] No he would be as secure on the globe at all points as you and your hilarious friend are over there all the time. No fear of falling off. Oh, no! Ha, na.

BO'SN. Does sience say that?

COL. Most assuredly it does.

BIB. Fact or joke Señor?

COL. Fact I tell you, and if ever you want to try it and you fall off I'll be responsible for damages. [*All laugh and shake their heads.*]

COM. M. What's this, Señor Columbus, something new? [*Taking up an Astrolabe.*]

COL. Yes, this is the latest astrolabe. [*Shows it.*] It measures the height of the stars above the horizon and so on ship-board we determine where we are by observing the sun and stars.

BIB. Well, Bo'sn, I'll be blowed but science must be wonderful! I have often been so full of grog that I couldn't for my life tell where I was, but a land shark always got hold of poor Bibulo and he soon found himself in jail. Been there Bo'sn?

BO'SN. Yes, should say I have, but if a man **never gets ten leagues** from Lisbon a fisherman in the bay, or a policeman on the docks will soon set him right, if he's off a point or two. But these learned men will find when they're off balance by looking at the stars with this brass fixin. Ha! ha! Great thing science, eh?

COL. Don't mind, Commodore, the prating of this fellow. Step out a moment, we will take an observation of the sky with this new invention and see how it works. [*Exeunt Col. and Com.*]

BO'SN. Capt. did you understand this great wise man Columbus to say that a fellow could walk or sail around this globe without tumbling off or standing on his head?

CAPT. Yes, that's what he said, if this old sea dog had his ears about him.

BIB. So he said, but he didn't expect anybody to believe him, did he?

BO'SN. Of course he did and moreover said if anybody tried it and tumbled off he'd pay the damages.

BIB. I'll go him for a jug of grog. I **always could walk anywhere** anybody could, when I've got my sea legs on.

BO'SN. You'll break your cursed neck.

BIB. Didn't he say he'd pay the damages? here goes. [*Mounts globe and tries to walk it.*]

CAPT. Good—there you stand on Portugal, now walk over to Spain—good—France, Italy—right—Greece, Asia. [*Tumbles off on his head.*]

All—Ha! ha! ha! He's tumbled off the world.

BO'SN. Well, if you can't walk on your head you can tumble on your head like a porpoise. [*All laugh hilariously.*]

BIB. [*getting up limping*]. Oh where in blazes am I now?

BO'SN. You tumbled off somewhere on the other side of the world. Ha! ha!

BIB. Yes, but I've won the grog.

CAPT. C. Aye, but that's better than undertaking to sail off that way over the ocean till ships and all tumble off and off till there's nothing to fall on. God, what folly!

COL. [*entering*]. What now, my men? What makes this unseemly row?

BO'SN. Nothing, good Señor, but Bibulo, this fellow, here took you at your word and tried to walk round the world and fell off, nearly breaking his blessed neck! ha! ha! [*All laugh.*]

CAPT. C. I'm glad I witnessed it. Such experiments ought to be publicly and repeatedly tried, Commodore, before undertaking the enterprise on so large a scale that men and ships, a whole fleet perhaps, would be lost and no one live to tell the tale of the whole expedition. Slid down off the face of the world as this Bibulo tumbled off here, before my eyes.

COM. M. It's well to be careful. The safety of His Majesty's fleet is always the first consideration.

Bo'sN. Fill, Bibulo!—Drink and be jolly! You deserve it for your pluck, and thank heaven 'tis no worse. We must be off.

BIB. To think I've walked through Spain and France and Italy and Asia—half way round the globe—and tumbled off and am back again with my hide safe. [*Drinks.*] [*Sings.*] Oh the sailor lad loves spicy grog, Sing—Ho! ho! ho! and ahoy! [*Dances himself out with a flourish.*]

Bo'sN. Adieu, shipmates? Bibulo, aboard. [*Bibulo and Bo'sn going off.*]

CAPT. C. Hope to see you later, when we sail west with Columbus.

ALL. Aye, aye. [*Exit Bo'sn and Bibulo.*]

COM. M. [*extending spy-glass, levels it at Capt. C.*] Look away, lad!

CAPT. C. Heavens, Commodore, don't level that at me! This old sea dog has stood on the quarter deck before great guns and cutlasses, but some mangy grandee on a skipper off the Cape pointed a glass like that at me, and, do you know, I got nearly sunstruck and lay in a fever three whole days in my bunk and didn't get over it till we got here. Oh! I tell you, there must be witchery in these things else how could they draw one so close as to see the whites of one's eyes across the bay, as they say they can?

COM. M. I'm a practical man—perhaps these scientific men can answer you.

BART. I sell them to captains sailing to all parts, good worthy men, I know they are well intentioned.

CAPT. C. Adieu! gentlemen—Hell is paved with good intentions, I say. [*He goes off.*]

COL. Now, Commodore,—of course I cannot expect men like these to understand these things, but tell me, from what you know of things at court, do you think His Majesty will yet reconsider his decision and place a few ships at my disposal?

COM. M. I wish from my heart he would, in fact, I wish he had done so before now. I have just returned from carrying out his instructions, on a western voyage. I was told to take a cargo of supplies to the western islands, and when there to open the king's sealed orders and proceed as I was instructed

COL. And what were the orders, may I ask?

COM. M. The king's orders were to proceed west, southwest, along a line laid down in a chart enclosed till I'd reach land; and then I was to open another sealed packet under the king's seal for further instructions, but a storm swept us back on our own coast and so I'm here with the last documents yet unopened. [*Shows Chart and Documents.*]

COL. [*rising excitedly.*] Great heavens, I'm betrayed! [*Walks around frantically.*] Can courts and kings thus conspire to rob a poor wayfarer like me who have labored to aggrandize them, and to boot be sneered at as if a madman, whilst using secretly my plans obtained by false pretences? Another day I'll not spend under the dominion of such a base, treacherous king!

COM. M. [*jumping to his feet.*] Do you dare insult my king by reviling him as base and treacherous?

COL. Out of thy own mouth thou hast said it unwittingly. You are his tool to steal my plan and rob me of my labors of a lifetime. You may thank Heaven the ocean did not rise in the rage of a just God and swallow down to hell such perfidy!

COM. M. I but do His Majesty's bidding, the king can do no wrong, and you insult His Majesty and me! By Heaven you must retract. [*Draws sword.*]

COL. [*snatching a sword from the wall.*] Stand off—Heaven and the right is on my side as 'twas on many a quarterdeck with sabre against the infidel Saracens over these waters since my youth. Strike if you dare. [*They fight. The Commadore is struck down.*]

COM. M. Hold, that was a vital pass. I'm wounded!

BART. God grant 'tis not worse. [*Raises him up.*]

COL. I regret you put this quarrel on me—self-defense is nature's law.

COM. M. Honor is satisfied. But 'twill come to the knowledge of the king and then it were better for you the ocean had swallowed you on your wildest adventure. [*Exit Com.*]

COL. God defends the right. In Thee, O God I put my trust, I'll never be confounded!

[*To Bart.*] The king abused my confidence, using my plans secretly to rob me of the idea, all my earthly goods. I'll hasten tonight towards the frontiers of Spain, and you Bartholomew hasten to England on a ship leaving port at midnight. I'll see you off. Take this chart and plead my cause before the English king. Tell him a world lies hidden beyond the western clouds. I'll give it to him and direct his fleet thither. We part tonight and may God protect us. We meet again perhaps in another world. But hasten to our purpose, and be it so, if I but succeed in carrying out God's design. [*Excunt.*]

ACT I.

SCENE II. *The Home of Columbus at Cordova.—Beatrice wife of Columbus with boy Fernando on lap.—Time—night.*

BEATR. 'Tis a year today since my good husband, your father, my baby, kissed us good-by and dropped a manly tear on your cradle, going off to the wars in Granada in behalf of Spain and our holy faith against the Moors. Oh how I see his noble spirit in the light of your eyes, Fernando, and how many a vigil I have kept for his coming, darling, [*kisses him*] how often have I said this rosary to our Holy Madonna, for his safety. How glad he'll be to see you, you dear, dear little angel, you! Sleep, sleep, Fernando—I'll sing for you. [*Kisses him.*] *Sings.—*

A LULLABY.

AIR, THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

Oh! Lullaby Baby,
Smile in thy slumbers!
Oh! lullaby baby,
On thy mother's knee!
Thy smiles in thy slumber
Oh! Lullaby Baby,
Will show when the angels
Are whispering with thee!
Thy smiles in thy slumber
Oh! Lullaby Baby,
Will show when the angels
Are whispering with thee.

How oft have I heard it
Oh! Lullaby Baby,
How the dear Infant Jesus
On Our Lady's knee!
Whilst smiling in slumber
She'd fondly caress him,
Saying, I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee.
Whilst smiling in slumber
She'd fondly caress him,
Saying, I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee.

Ha! now as you're smiling
In slumber my darling
Oh! pray the good angels
My baby with me,
To watch o'er thy father
And bring him back safely

For I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee !
To watch o'er thy father
And bring him back safely,
For I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee.

CORREO. [*knocking.*] Is this the house of Senor Christopher Columbus ?

BEATR. Yes, Sir, His Catholic Majesty's most obedient servant.

COR. I, Juan Correo, am charged to deliver this letter from His Majesty, John II. king of Portugal, [*showing letter, reads superscription.*] To Senor Christopher Columbus, Cordova, Spain.

BEATR. It is well that your commission ends with leaving it here at his new home, for I am of the opinion that if you were commissioned to deliver it to him personally, you'd have to go to the siege of Baza in Granada, where my good husband is now battling against the Moors, the enemies of our holy faith and country.

CORREO. God prosper him and send him home speedily, covered with the glory of Christian warfare, the noblest badge of honor a man can wear.

BEATR. Amen, good Correo. God and his angels protect our brave defenders and give the victory to the cross above the crescent.—*Dios et San Iago.* [*Exit Correo.*—

BEATR. And so his Majesty, King John II. of the kingdom of Portugal at last sends a message to the maritime dreamer, Christopher Columbus whose plans he stole, whose confidence he violated so ignominiously as to borrow his charts ostensibly to examine them before a Royal Commission, but secretly to fit out an expedition to rob him of his ideal inheritance ! But Heaven cast his ships back in a storm, and now, I suppose, hearing of my good husband's offer to the rival power of Spain, once more tries to allure him back to Lisbon ! But no, for Spain is now his adopted country, for Spain he has taken up arms and who knows but the Court of Salamanca will one day believe in him, [*takes up baby*] and then O Baby, when your father is rich and great, won't we be happy and enjoy it all, Strange, too, 'twas only last week a messenger arrived with a dispatch from King Henry VII. of England who has been kindly listening to the pleadings of Brother Bartholomew, strange, I say, that you and I, Baby, should have to struggle with poverty whilst the kings of the earth are courting the favor of your father, Baby, and he dropping his dreams and discoveries, for the time, is fighting for Spain against the Moors. Who knows if he be wounded, aye dead, and you may be now an orphan baby, I, a widow, and all the promises of kings a worthless parchment, an empty fancy. Oh ! God, I would give up all freely, Baby, if I could

see your darling papa again, but will he ever return? [*Kisses the baby, puts him to sleep and sings Oh! Lullaby, &c.*]

COL. [*knocking.*] What ho! Awake!

BEATR. Who's there?

COL. It is I, make haste and open.

BEATR. Great and merciful God, 'tis he! [*Opens door. Enter Columbus.*] Oh thanks, infinite thanks to our good God: Christopher, my husband, [*falls on his neck*] back again, safe! Oh Sancta Maria, my prayers are answered!

COL. Peace, darling wife, I'm always conscious of God's protection. His angels watch over us always and all things turn out for the best for those that truly serve God. And the baby, Fernando, where is the baby, Mother?

BEATR. Just gone to sleep. Oh I promised him you'd be here, and sang him to sleep only a few moments ago. Don't wake him, he'll only cry. Kiss him.

COL. [*kissing baby.*] God bless the dear child. How often in the trenches before Baza when death was on every side, did my thoughts return to that baby, and dear wife to you.

BEATR. Oh, how thankful we should be to God and his blessed Mother. [*Embraces him.*]

COL. And the boy, Diego?

BEATR. He is sleeping in the upper chamber, and every day grows more like his father.

COL. God be praised for leaving us this consolation. But I must unburden myself. [*Takes off soldier's outfit, sword &c.*]

BEATR. You must be weary, let me have the honor of taking off your sword, by which you have defended your faith and friends and the honor of Christian Spain.—There—you must be very weary. I'll provide refreshments. [*Exit Beatr. Knocking without.*]

COL. Who is there? Hello! neighbor. [*Goes to open the door.*]

Enter ENRIQUEZ.

ENRIQUEZ. A friend—I heard the knocking and saw the light from across the way, and hastened to get the news. Glad, glad to see you, good neighbor, home from the wars. [*Shaking hands.*]

COL. Thanks, thanks, good friend,—he seated. I feel rejuvenated to be home again. It makes us forget our toils.

ENRIQ. How goes it with my kinsmen that departed with you?—Alonzo and the rest?

COL. 'Tis well. You have no need to be ashamed of them, Enriquez. They are worthy of their Christian blood and have done their share to drive out the enemy from Spain.

ENRIQ. I give God thanks. I hope to join them soon in the ranks.

COL. I am glad to hear it Enriquez, but your services are no longer needed. The contest of centuries is over and no prouder honor falls to noble blood than that it helped in the redemption of Spain.

ENRIQ. Well said, noble friend, but tell me what is the latest from the front? Are the king's arms victorious?

COL. Have you not heard of the fall of Granada?

ENRIQ. God! no, has it fallen?

COL. Yes, thank Heaven. Oh! such a glorious day never before dawned on Spain. The Saracen enemy was straitened on every side, the strongholds were taken by assault one after another, at length the unfortunate besieged were driven to the last ditch and the ill-starred ruler of Islam, the last of his race, submitting to fate, surrendered the city, gave up the keys of the city to our glorious king, and his signet ring to the Cardinal. The banner of Mahomedanism was trailed in the dust, and the Cardinal with his own hands, displayed the cross from the highest tower of Granada.

ENRIQ. [*astounded.*] Great God!

BEATR. [*falling on knees, weeps and prays.*] Oh God, I thank thee for the victory of the cross. God is merciful to his people. [*Exit Beatr.*]

ENRIQ. Bitterly contested to the last, eh?

COL. Most gloriously so of late, Enriquez. Oh none but those on the field can know how glorious victory is after such a struggle with these furious, infidel fanatics.

ENRIQ. 'Tis true then they fight most fiercely?

COL. Most desperately and in desperation. The blind fatalism of their false prophet drives them frantically mad, rushing to Paradise on our sabres, trying to win Heaven by the massacre of Christian women and children! Oh! [*rises and gesticulates warmly pacing the floor.*] I tell you 'tis horrible, too horrible to narrate coolly, Enriquez.

ENRIQ. And about the siege of last week?

COL. We lost many a brave fellow but the victory is ours thank Heaven! It would do your heart good to see the crescent go down before the cross when the God of battle turned the day in our favor. The ramparts around me were filled with the agonizing and dying, barbarians and Christians wriggling in the throes of death, yet continued in one ghastly pile to do each other to the death with daggers, till all were trampled on like worms when the whole army swept over them in the final assault. God! but it puts the fever of the war again in me, to think of it! How it strengthened the faith of those who almost denied Christ a few days before when the cross went down, when the Saracens held the Christian babes writhing on their spears before the gates and cut them to pieces before our eyes! Oh, God! thou didst permit us to be punished for our sins, but gavest us the victory in the day of battle when we called on Thee. [*Sits down.*]

ENRIQ. The conflict is ended then forever?

COL. Yes, this struggle began nearly eight hundred years ago, but 'tis to be the crowning honor of Ferdinand and Isabella to drive the last of the Moors from Spain.

[Enter BEATRICE.]

BEATR. May God grant us life to see that blessed day.

ENRIQ. Well said, Senora, all Christendom will say Amen. And so, friends, good night and sweet repose after the toils of war.

COL. The same to you Enriquez,—good night. [*Exit Enriquez.*]

BEATR. Whilst you partake of your refreshments, I'll get some letters and dispatches awaiting you, noble husband. My heart beats high at the recital of your services to Spain and Holy Faith.

COL. [*putting arm around her neck.*] We are but humble instruments in the hands of God, Beatrice. Each in our way must do His holy will.

BEATR. Oh! I nearly forgot—here is a dispatch that came only tonight by messenger from the King of Portugal and here is another that came some time ago, from King Henry VII. of England, whither you sent your good brother, Bartholomew. It seemed to me strange, as I looked at the seals tonight, with the infant Fernando on my knee that we should be as needy as the poorest, whilst kings seek the favor of my noble husband.

COL. Oh! Beatrice, consider the poverty of the Kings of Kings—when an infant on His blessed Mother's knee in Bethlehem, did not the wise kings of the East come to adore Him? Blessed be God! His ways are inscrutable. But I'll see what is in this. [*Breaks seal and reads.*] The king of Portugal regrets my departure from his dominions, Beatrice, and requests my early return to further consider with him the passage to the Indies. Oh! no, treacherous Herod, by another way I'll return to my own country. I'm but a poor dreamer, and you are a mighty king, but Heaven save me from such baseness. So I despise thee thus. [*Crushes paper and casts it down.*]

BEATR. But here is the message from the King of England. I'm anxious to know how Bartholomew succeeded.

COL. [*breaking seal and reading.*] It seems that Bartholomew fell into the hands of pirates which much delayed his arrival at the English Court. The king would be pleased to see me in person and examine my plans at his leisure; his Council would give me a hearing. Well, well, it is ever thus with kings even though you offer them an empire. Oh! it makes me weary, good Beatrice; for my part, long ago would I have abandoned it, were I not persuaded it is the will of Heaven.

BEATR. Here is a small note, left by an old soldier, yesterday. He says it is from a friend of yours at the camp, and has out-travelled you home by a day.

COL. It must be some stirring news that they knew would interest me; something great must have happened since

I left the camp. [*Opens and reads and jumps up excitedly.*] Great God! two Christian pilgrims have arrived in the camp from the East and they bring word that the Sultan of Egypt, elated over his victories in the Holy Land, has sworn by his throne and the beard of his prophet to destroy the sacred tomb of Christ! Great God! what blasphemy! Beatrice, reparation must be made to the honor of God for such an outrage against our Lord. [*Walks up and down, takes up sword, meditates a little then calls out passionately.*] Beatrice, Beatrice, bring me the crucifix!

BEATR. Oh! God, what is it now? Don't do anything rash, my husband.

COL. No, nothing rash, Beatrice, I've thought of it often but this determines me. Bring me the crucifix—I'll register my vow in Heaven. [*Beatrice takes the crucifix from the wall, gives it to him, he kisses it and kneeling raises his sword and looking on the crucifix in his hands, swears*—By this sign of man's redemption, I swear by Thee, my crucified Savior, I swear by Thy five blessed wounds, by Thy sacred blood that was shed for me, that if Thou O God prosper my undertaking to open my way through the western waters, I'll not only take Thy blessed gospel to the heathens, but the worldly substance that may come to me thereby, gold and treasure,—I hereby solemnly vow and dedicate for a holy crusade against the Saracens, in Thy honor, to the glory of the Christian name, and the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre—So help me God. [*Kisses the crucifix*].

BEATR. God surely will bless so generous a purpose. [*Embraces him.*]

COL. So be it. [*Rises and kisses her.*] To God we will leave the issue. I'll now rest awhile, for weariness doth overcome me. Look after the boy, Diego, and take the infant to the upper room, I'll follow later. [*Exit Beatrice. Preparing to lie down to rest.*]

How soft the couch even poverty gives at home, after the privations of the war in trench and breastwork. Into thy hands O Lord, I commend my spirit.—His angels watch our keeping. [*He sleeps.*]

Enter ANGEL.

ANGEL. Sleep, Warrior, in thy well earned rest Sleep Dreamer of a world yet unknown! Sleep, Father, softly as thy smiling babe—for such thou art in purity of heart and uprightness of intention!

To thee, man of destiny, I'm sent to show thee in vision the answer to thy prayer. Know then thy vow is most acceptable to Heaven. God blesses thee beyond thy wildest dreams! The might of God's arm that in times of old cleft the waters of the Red Sea to make way for God's people, will open a way for thee through the western waters! The gentiles who never heard of the true God shall hear his tidings through thee.

A new world, to this time in God's decree hidden from the nations shalt thou bring to light! Millions now in darkness will rise up and salute thee! Thou shalt bring the ends of the earth together and God shall be praised by all his people! Kings shall rise up to honor thee and the great Christian nations of the future that will arise in thy domain beyond the waters, will honor thee in public celebrations in a thousand cities, centuries after thy work is o'er! Behold a nation where all are kings, most powerful of the earth, crowned with bright stars from Heaven, beckoning the nations ages yet to come to do thee more honor than ever fell to thee, when on thy journey thou shalt hear the prophecy of these things sung in God's praises there shall the beginning of great things be for thee and all mankind! Arise, fulfill thy vow, for so hath Heaven decreed! [*Exit angel.*]

[Singing of angels heard, *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes.*]

COL. [rising from sleep bewildered repeats, [*Laudate, &c.*]] Praise God! What? How? Is this real or a delusion from hell to ensare me in destruction, or a light from Heaven to guide me on my way? Oh God! direct me by thy holy light! Beatrice! Beatrice! [*Enters Beatrice.*]

BEATR. What's this? What's this? What's wrong with thee, my husband? [*Kisses him.*]

COL. Whether right or wrong I know not, Beatrice. But the strangest fancies swept o'er me whilst I slept. I was not waking, for I knew I slept. My aching limbs caressed sweet slumber and yet my senses must have been waking, for not a move or word escaped me, as in a trance I lay.

BEATR. What saw you? What heard you?—do pray tell me.

COL. A beautiful angel of the Lord, the cross on its breast, a bright star on its brow, stood by me. It hailed me by God's command telling me my vow was most acceptable to heaven, that the right hand of God would direct my way across the Western Ocean, that I would be the Christ-bearer to millions, that more honor would fall to my lot than ever fell to mortal man, and that my name and my fame to God's honor and glory would be the inheritance of the greatest nations of the world that will arise in the land I will discover. Oh God! that thy humble servant could be made worthy of a tithe of these good things!

BEATR. And did the angel tell you how your good fortune was to begin?

COL. Yes, it said, this shall be a sign to you. Where in thy journey thou shalt hear these things in prophecy sung to the Lord, there thy good fortune will begin.

BEATR. Christopher, my husband, I fear you are yet but dreaming—dreaming. [*Weeps and falls on his neck.*]

COL. [*rising.*] My trust is in the Lord, and I'll never be confounded. [*Takes up letter.*] What's this?

BEATR. Oh, that is another letter that came some time ago. It can't be of much importance, since even messages from kings bring such cold comfort.

COL. [*opening letter and reads.*] Why, Beatrice, this is from His Eminence, Cardinal Mendoza, the most powerful and influential person at the court of Salamanca. He tells me to repair at once to the Spanish Court, that the Cardinal himself will espouse my cause, that King Ferdinand is already favorably disposed and Queen Isabella deeply interested in the proposed expedition.

BEATR. [*clapping hands.*] That's good news!

COL. It promises fair enough, though years before I went to the wars I planted the seed in their minds, who knows but now 'twill bear golden fruit. I'll hasten to Salamanca in the morning and explain my tardiness for the very good reason I was supporting their Majesties' arms, at the siege of Baza and Granada. Well, now to rest and may Heaven bless what the morrow will bring forth.

ACT I.

SCENE III : THE COURT OF SALAMANCA.—*Enter the Troubadours, Gypsies and Peasants. All take part in the Spanish Promenade around the Court. Gentlemen all saunter by themselves, two abreast and salute ladies sauntering in opposite direction as they pass in groups. Enter King and Queen, Cardinal, Fool, Nobles and Attendants preceded by Herald crying "Make way! Make room for their Majesties and the Royal Court!" All cheer and shout. When court is seated the Troubadours sing before the Throne :*

THE FALL OF GRANADA.

First Bard (Solo)—

O glorious King, we come to sing
Thy victory o'er the Moors ;
For ages long 'twill be the song
Of wand'ring troubadours.
Rejoice, O land, where Ferdinand
And Isabella reign !
Hail, nation free, whose chivalry
Redeemed our Christian Spain !

Dancing Chorus—

Let's celebrate, with pomp and state
Of court and pageantry
What crowns our age the brilliant page
Of Spanish history.
Let mirth resound, and in its round
A nation great and free
To all the earth proclaim the worth
Of Christian Chivalry.

Second Bard—

The struggle raged, the war was waged
These long eight hundred years.
Since Moslem band had made our land
A land of blood and tears.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Granada fell—it tolled the knell
 Of Moorish crescent's wane,
 And Moslem rout and Christian shout
 Was heard all over Spain.
 [All cheer and shout]

All sing, with reverence :

The cross alone rose o'er thy throne,
 United Christian Spain.

Dancing Chorus—Let's celebrate, etc.

Third Bard—

The contest's o'er, and from our shore
 The Saracen is driven ;
 A nation free, for victory,
 Resounds in thanks to Heav'n.
 Thrice blessed we this day to see ;
 This war could only cease
 When Christian hands could twine the bands
 Of Victory and peace.

Dancing Chorus—Let's celebrate, etc.

Fourth Bard—

Rejoice and pray, as well we may,
 In this triumphal hour,
 That God, from whom all good things come,
 Maintain us by His power
 My country, pray that from this day
 Tranquillity ne'er cease,
 Whilst native boughs for Spanish brows
 Bear th' olive branch of peace.

Dancing Chorus—Let's Celebrate, etc.

[*All stop instantly and cross themselves at the first stroke of bell for Angelus—those seated rising*].

CARD. *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ.*

ALL. *Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto. Ave Maria, &c.* [After pause for Angelus.]

KGS' FOOL. Now that we've served the Lord, let mirth and innocence resume its round. 'Tis ever thus your Majesty, the little infants pray between their smiles

KING. Aye in good Faith, you knave, but a smacking of prayers goes a long way on you, if you can set fun or mischief brewing.

QUEEN. Good fellow, come here. Surely you don't neglect your prayers ?

FOOL. [*kissing her hand.*] Sure it takes all the prayers I have to pray for the king.

QUEEN. How ? Does he need your prayers ?

FOOL. By my faith, yes ma'am, to be worthy of so beautiful a queen. [*Music and dance continue when the Dance—ad libitum—is over then enter Page—Exeunt Musicians and Dancers.*]

PAGE. [*to Cardinal.*] May it please your Eminence, there is a man without at the gate, Christopher Columbus from Cordova, who says he comes to Court at your request.

CARD. Admit him—I have spoken to their Majesties.

KING. Who is this ?

CARD. Your Majesty, 'tis this cosmographer, Columbus, in

whose theories about the world being round I interested you some time ago. With your permission I invited him to Court to explain in person.

KING. Good, good, my Lord Cardinal. If it be only fancy, 'tis as strange as any play; it will at least be an interesting diversion to hear him. See that he is admitted directly.

CARD. Your Catholic Majesty must be gratified. [*To page.*] Show the stranger to the presence directly. [*Exit page.*]

QUEEN. And I my Lord Cardinal, will be more than gratified for I more than half believe it myself—God forgive me, if there be anything wrong in it!—But I'll be guided by you and the good padre who has my conscience in his keeping, good Father Juan Perez.

KING. Most worthy and saintly men, who watch over the honor of our crowns and the purity of our lives. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Enter COLUMBUS.

COL. [*kneels to King, and Queen, bows to Cardinal and kisses his ring.*] Most Eminent Cardinal, let me thank you here. My absence in their Majesties' service at the siege of Granada, is the only apology I have for not appearing on your command, when summoned. Receiving your Eminence's command on my arrival home, I set out for Salamanca immediately.

CARD. Your service, Sir, against the Moors, the common enemy of the State and Christendom, I'll presume, will be sufficient to excuse you in good form unto their Majesties. [*Bows to the King and Queen.*] Most liege and august Sovereigns, allow me to present this humble man who has already obtained the reputation of the genius of our age,—so wise and learned in all mundane science, tempered with the study of the Holy Scriptures, and the writings of the Fathers. Though born the subject of a foreign, but friendly power, he has become a patriotic citizen of Spain, and by his services in the ranks, has justly earned, I presume, from your Catholic Majesties, the privilege of laying before you his enchanting plans to enrich the nation, by his maritime services, for which he did not spare his blood against the Moors. This be the pledge of his sincerity. Though poor and humble he is rich in mind beyond the wisest of his generation. But he is here at your Majesties' pleasure, to speak for himself. No doubt your wisdom will appreciate him better from his own words than from anything I can say in his behalf. [*Cardinal takes his seat.*]

COL. [*rising*]. My liege and most august Sovereigns of Arrogan and Castile! Your adopted citizen and most humble subject, must beg leave to thank His Eminence, the Cardinal, for the good things he has been kind enough to say of me, more I fancy, to interest your Majesties in my project for the glory of your crowns to whose domination I

propose to subject the New World, than for any merit, my Lord Cardinal can see in me.

KING. We will be glad to hear you, Senor Columbus, about the passage to the Indies.

QUEEN. I'll add, you already deserve our consideration for your services against the Moors.

COL. A plain man, past middle life, your exalted Majesties, may well be doubted as to his rational parts, when poor himself in substance, he stands before your throne to offer you a realm. Still methinks, I'm rational. I can indeed make my world on paper, but it takes the opulence of kings and the might of a nation to carry out the design, so different is theory from practice. With a few strokes of a pencil the architect designs the great pyramid of Cheops which takes the wealth of an Egypt, the power of Pharoah and the lifetime of a generation to construct. Does the difficulty of the undertaking militate against the truth of the geometrical principles on which the pyramid is constructed? Evidently not. Know too, most august and puissant Sovereigns, this undertaking of mine is based as solidly as the pyramid, but I can only draw the diagram, the might and opulence of a king and nation are required to make it the 8th and last wonder of the world,—aye, the wonder of two worlds for one is yet unseen!

KING. Your discourse is fair but proceed I pray you to the marrow of the subject.

QUEEN. Have you any practical demonstration by which prudent persons would be moved to undertake the enterprise?

COL. I'll not trouble your Majesties with the elementary arguments concerning the rotundity of the earth which are so well known to your majesties and the learned attendants of this court. May it please your Majesties to remember that the sun in 16 hours passes over all the kingdoms of the world which ever have been known in ancient or modern times. This counts from the Azores in the western ocean to Thina in the far east. We are almost at one end of this territory touching the Atlantic. As the sun completes his journey every 24 hours, there can be but a region which he passes during our night to be discovered. We are at one end of this known line. The Indies are at the other. What is more rational than to be assured that it is shorter to go 8 hours west than 16 hours east to reach the Indies? But the route over the 16 hours of the sun's journey is known, the 8 hours to the west is unknown. For my part, I'll take to the unknown—only put at my command an expedition to reach the Indies, and I'll plant the standard of Spain and the cross of Christ in this vast, unknown region of the world.

QUEEN. But what if the world be not round?

COL. It could not be otherwise. The globe, your Majesties, is the simplest of nature's forms. Let me cast this quicksilver on

this velvet cushion at your feet. See how it forms into globes. See the raindrop as it hangs on the thorn, the dewdrop in the petal of the flower. 'Tis nature's favorite form which bodies assume when left free to form themselves. Have we not seen the shadow of the earth on the moon during an eclipse as distinctly formed as the shadow of my hand upon the wall at candle light? Madam, the world must be round!

KING. Have you anything practical to tell us, any signs of land to the west?

COL. Yes, yes. Of course, your Majesty, of course! I have sailed in the western ocean, and have observed the currents which all navigators have observed, constantly from the southwest. I have seen the huge trunks of pine trees that were cast up by this current on the Azores. His Majesty, King John II. of Portugal, showed me in his cabinet large tropical canes and plants cast on the same western isles by the same current.

DE CONCILIO. If your Majesties permit, I would like to ask the learned navigator a question.

KING. Certainly, I have no doubt he will consider it a pleasure to answer you.

DE CON. Senor Columbus, may not such signs as a few reeds or trees be the product of some insignificant uninhabited crags in the sea, such as unwary mariners are wrecked on? Have you seen any signs of life from over the Ocean of Darkness? We have heard of nations waiting for the blessed gospel. Has any sign of such been yielded up by the ocean? signs of men pagan or civilized? Am I right, your Majesty?

KING. Quite, quite right and just it seems to me. I hope to hear this answered.

COL. Your Majesties and the learned attendants on your august court have no doubt heard that I resided for many years on the island of *Porto Santo*, discovered by my father-in-law in the Portuguese service. Here is a singular piece of carved and painted wood which the western current cast on that shore. [*Shows it to the King.*]

CARD. A wooden god! an idol no doubt.

QUEEN. Oh! for the salvation of the heathens beyond the Ocean of Darkness. My heart bleeds for them.

COL. Here is another piece of wood carved in curious design by human hands, picked up 400 leagues west of the Azores. [*Exhibits wood.*]

KING. Marvelous, truly.

COL. But here is something more to the purpose. [*Exhibiting pictures of Indians.*] The bodies of two men with features unlike those of any race ever seen on this side of the ocean, came ashore at the Azores from the west. Eagle feathers were plaited in their long black hair, massive rings of the purest gold were in their ears. Their copper colored skins were painted vermillion and blue in figures of birds and

beasts like the devices on a shield. Surely the gold, the feathers, the men themselves, tell eloquently of a world beyond the ocean. [*Applause by the Queen and friends.*]

MONK. [*rising.*] With your Majesties' leave and the indulgence of His Eminence, the Cardinal, I understand this adventurer [*bowing to Col.*] no offense I hope—is basing his claims on the Holy Scriptures, many passages of which he applies to himself as if he were a prophet, or an expounder of prophecy!

COL. I claim not to be a prophet nor the son of a prophet but events of less importance than this to the salvation of the race are alluded to in Holy Scripture. Does not the Scripture say "Laude Dominum omnes gentes, praise the Lord *all* ye people?" Does not Isaias in the 66th chapter say of the calling of the gentiles:

Verse 18. "I come that I may gather them together with all nations and tongues and they shall come to see my glory.

19. "And I will set a sign amongst them that shall be saved, to the gentiles in the sea, to the islands afar off, to them that have not heard of me and have not seen my glory. And they shall declare my glory to the gentiles.

22. "For as the new heavens and the new earth which I make to stand before me.

23. "And all flesh shall come to adore before my face," saith the Lord.

DR. TORO. Your Majesties, let the pious and learned monks settle these scriptural questions as they may. I see in this a grave matter involving the welfare of the realm. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that Senor Columbus is correct in all his geographical learning, that the world we live in is round like a ball—though I'm convinced 'tis flat as a table— [*Cheers Good, Good.*] suppose we undertake to follow this adventurer across the Ocean of Darkness [*Cries of No, No.*] Well, suppose on the other shore, if there be any [*Cries of That's it*] we would find those millions of savages, if we discover them won't they discover us! [*Aye, Aye*] and swarm over the Ocean of Darkness to invade our kingdom—a curse which we would bring on ourselves worse than the plagues of Egypt of old. [*Cheers—Go on, Go on.*] What giants and monsters of hideous shape there may be in this new world! What countless horrid forms of monsters that crawl or swim, run, or fly in air, hidden by the darkness of that horrid abode of eternal night! As sharks and whales that follow ships to devour dead bodies, these monsters blackening the sky and water would follow the retreating adventurers like swarms of bees, aye bees larger than elephants, winged dragons, till their advent here would seem as if hell itself had vomited up all its furies on our shores! [*Cries of Bravo, Bravo.*] I beseech your Majesties to have nothing to do with it! Remember the destruction of the Roman Empire by the barbarians of the North who were as angels of light compared with these hor-

rid monsters, that mariners of good repute have often seen lurking in the dark clouds that bound the ocean on the west! [*Cheers Go on, Go on.*] Your Majesties and the learned professors of the Court will remember that it was Cicero who said that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Destruction must come in any event! These flying monsters will pick up the ships and dash them down to gaping monsters below; or escaping this their return is the signal of our destruction, monsters, giants, gorgons, dragons bringing pestilence, ruin and death in every hideous form [*Cheers Bravo, Bravo!*] I hope your Majesties' better council will prevail. [*Thundering applause.*]

DE CONCILIO. We but tax the patience of your Majesties to bend your minds further to this question. The most learned professors of the realm can be found here at the university of Salamanca. Let it please your Majesties to appoint a Royal Commission to examine this question fully, giving Senor Columbus every opportunity of being heard in his own behalf. 'Twill at least ease your royal conscience to divide the responsibility of so serious a matter.

QUEEN. 'Tis well. [*To the king.*] Let the Commission be immediately appointed.

KING. It is our pleasure to so appoint His Eminence, the Cardinal and you the other members of the Council together with the distinguished Doctors of the University to so examine and report. [*Cheers.*]

ALL. Thanks, thanks wise and worthy Sovereign. Long live the King!

FOOL. And the Queen too.

ALL. Aye, aye of course. Certainly, certainly. [*All laugh.*]

FOOL. [*to Col.*] Senor, did you make the world round?

COL. I'm not supposed to talk to fools.

FOOL. Well, I'm not so particular. [*All laugh.*]

COL. [*aside.*] Though I've answered more than wear the cap and bells.

FOOL. Is the world round sure enough?

COL. Yes, will that satisfy you?

FOOL. Then we'll all go round and round [*turning cart wheels and somersaults &c. then returns.*] Your Majesties, we don't know what shape the world will be before these wise men get through with us, so let us be jolly while we may.

KING. Let the festivities proceed. [*Enter musicians and dancers, who may be the same Troubadours that sang THE FALL OF GRANADA at the opening of this scene, or others in Gypsy Costumes. The Author introduced here about 40 school children who rendered the following Song and Dance very gracefully.*]

On entering they genuflect and salute the King and Queen, bow to the Cardinal and Court, break ranks, form groups and gesticulate as they sing:

THE GYPSY KINGS.

Air :—BIRDIES BALL.

The Gypsy Kings of the summer land,
 Once lived in a style so awf'ly grand.
 The day was too short for their hearts delight,
 So they laughed, and they sang, and they danced all night.

DANCING CHORUS.

Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la!
 Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
 'Twas a very fine time in the gypsy land.

The gypsy Queens of that morning land,
 Were as beautiful as the kings were grand.
 Their eyes were as bright as the stars above,
 And they sang, and they danced and they lived for love.

CHORUS.

The gypsy men of that distant clime,
 Were so brave and so free in that olden time,
 That the dales would resound with their merry song,
 As they danced in the woods the whole day long.

CHORUS.

The Gypsy maids were as blithe as the spring,
 And their hearts were as gay as the songs they'd sing,
 Their tresses flew o'er their shoulders bare,
 Whilst they danced as light as they tripped on air.

CHORUS.

Though the gypsy King and the gypsy Queen,
 Were as brave and as fair as ever were seen.
 Of all the Kings that ever did reign,
 The greatest and best is the King of Spain.

[*All bow before the throne.*]

Chorus—Tra, la, la, la, etc.

So, all gypsies say, God save the King.

*As the music continues they form a dancing procession and
 dance out on the Cardinal's side kissing his ring as they pass.*
 (*Exeunt.*)

Enter ROYAL COMMISSION.

DE TOTO. May it please your Majesties the Commission
 Royal after maturely considering the subject have agreed on
 the following report.

QUEEN. I hope 'twill meet our most ardent wishes.

KING. Let the report be read

DR. TOTO. [*reads.*] "The Commission are of the opinion that the project in question is vain and impossible and not becoming great princes to engage in on such slender grounds as have been advanced. [*Great applause.*]"

COL. [*overcome with emotion, covers his face with his hands and murmurs.*] Blessed be God's holy will. [*The Queen weeps.*]

COL. [*bowing low to the King and Queen.*] I thank your Catholic Majesties for the honor done me, and you my Lord Cardinal and gentlemen of the Commission, but I must and will say I yet have hope in God to live to see the day when truth and right will triumph for God and humanity. I must take my departure hence and seek further. [*Kisses the Queen's hand. The King bows him off with a wave of the hand. He kneels for Cardinal's blessing, and bows to the Court. They all rise to leave. The Court cry, God save the King and Queen.*]

FOOL. [*jumping with joy and clapping his hands.*] Oh aint I glad the world is square after all. [*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT. II.

SCENE I. *The Convent of La Rabida.*

Enter COLUMBUS AND THE BOY DIEGO.

DIEGO. Oh Father, see, this must be a religious house of some kind. Let us go to the gate and ask for some bread and water, I can scarcely go a step further. I am so weak from hunger and fatigue.

COL. God pity thee, my boy, have trust in God who feedeth the birds of the air. The Child, Jesus, himself suffered from poverty amongst strangers. This must be a convent, we will ring the bell. [*Rings.*]

Enter BROTHER.

BROTHER. God save thee, stranger, what wilt thou with us?

COL. What place is this? I see you are a brother.

BRO. This is the convent of La Rabida,—Franciscan monks as you observe, [*pointing to his habit.*]

COL. God prosper the saintly family of St. Francis, his works live after him.

DIEGO. Papa, I want water. [*Crying.*]

COL. Learn to bear trials in patience, boy [*to Bro.*] we are wayfaring travelers on our way to France and are constrained by necessity to ask your charity, a little bread and water will suffice.

BRO. Be seated here, where 'tis cool, I'll bring the water at once and ask the bread from the procurater. [*Exit Bro.*]

COL. Now, my boy, see how good God is—in their charity these good people will supply our wants. [*Boy crying.*]

Enter BROTHER.

BRO. Here is water from our coolest well within the cloister. Slake your thirst till I return.

COL. Thanks, good Brother, 'tis one of God's noblest gifts to rich and poor alike. [*Exit Bro.*] Through water in baptism we are made heirs to a kingdom above, God grant that through the western waters I may open a kingdom of Christ on earth.

[*Enter Brother with bread, fruits, &c.*]

BRO. The procurator bade me put the best in the larder before you, we are only God's poor ourselves—Be seated here.

COL. [*Bell rings.*] What is that bell for, Brother?

BRO. The last bell for Vespers and Complin, Senor, which I'll attend whilst you refresh yourselves. [*Exit Brother.*]

MONKS. [*within.*] Deus in adiutorium meum intende.

Domine ad adiuvandum me festina.

Gloria Patri &c.

Signum ponam inter eos qui salvi erunt—gentiles in mare—et enarrabunt gloriam meam inter gentiles—Laudate Dominum omnes gentes.

COL. [*listening in amazement repeats after the Monks.*] I will place a sign amongst them that shall be saved—the gentiles in the sea—and they shall declare my glory to the gentiles.

Words of prophecy! Did not the angel say where I would hear these words of prophecy sung in God's praises, there my good fortune would begin? This shall be a sign unto you said the angel. [*Kneels.*] Oh God! my will be thine. [*Boy eats and drinks. Col. prays.*]

Enter BROTHER.

BRO. What! feeling unwell, stranger, I see you do not eat—or have you knelt without to join us in our prayers?

COL. [*rising.*] Not exactly either. A feeling came over me, an impulse that I could not resist.

BRO. 'Tis not always well to yield to impulse but this must be one in the right direction.

COL. God grant it, brother. I'll partake of your charity, directly. [*Taking seat at refreshments.*]

BRO. Traveling far, my friend? I'd take you for a foreigner.

COL. Yes, No,—I was born in Genoa; have lived in the Azores and Portugal twenty years; am at present a citizen of Spain and am on my way to France.

BRO. [*in surprise.*] Dios et San Iago. You must be a man of wonderful experience. I must call the prior. Such are his orders when travelers passing common come this way. He'll be sure to be interested in you. [*Exit Bro.*]

Enter PRIOR.

PRIOR. God save thee, friend. Brother Guido tells me of you. I'm glad to see you.

COL. [*rising.*] What will I call you, good Father Prior?

PRIOR. Juan Perez of the Order of St. Francis.

COL. What! the former confessor of the Queen?

PRIOR. The same, if most unworthy.

COL. Well then, good Father Perez thrice, thrice glad to see you. I have heard of you at Court. [*Shaking hands warmly.*]

PRIOR. At Court?

COL. Yes, my name is Christopher Columbus, the same who am spoken of sometimes complimentary, mostly otherwise, in regard to my theory that the world is round and that the shortest way to the Indies is over the Ocean of Darkness, so called.

PRIOR. [*surprised.*] I remember seeing you before now. I enquired for you later and was told that you went to the wars against the Moors. Yes! Yes! certainly, certainly, very glad indeed to see you Sr. Columbus, but whither now, to France the Brother tells me?

COL. Yes, to France. Here is a letter I lately received from Chas. VII. of France inviting me to explain my project before his ministers. [*Shows letter to Prior who opens and scans it over.*]

PRIOR. But our own country Spain? Couldn't you interest our gracious sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella?

COL. I just left the Court a week to-morrow, all hope shattered. The king is indifferent, the queen somewhat interested, but the Council to whom after argument before the Court the matter was referred, reported the whole project vain and impossible, unworthy of the notice of great princes to undertake. [*Takes back letter from Prior.*]

PRIOR. Sad, sad indeed. Do you know I have taken time to study up your ideas, and am almost convinced that you are right, though it is a very unpopular opinion at Court. In fact it was mostly owing to my outspoken opinion on this subject that I found it necessary for me to retire from Court. But one's salvation is more secure here anyway and that's my consolation.

COL. Flattery not truth most frequently floats in the air that princes breathe, and creates unhealthy sentiment. God save our Sovereigns from ill advisers.

PRIOR. Amen. But what if your theory prove true and France instead of Spain get the advantage of possession of

the Indies—the unknown land beyond the ocean? The glory, the conquest! No! No! For God and San Iago this must not be! [*He walks around deeply agitated.*]

COL. But Spain has finally refused after seven years spent vainly pleading at the Spanish Court, for a few snips to undertake the expedition.

PRIOR. True, but this shall not be final. The King and Queen, as it happens are now in camp at Santa Fe close by. I'll write her Majesty forthwith for audience. Here Brother [*Enter Bro.*] writing materials instantly! [*Bro. returns with writing materials—Prior writes.*] Here Brother, take this dispatch at once to Sebastian Rodriguez, [*To Col.*] the most influential navigator at Palos, who will convey it at once, to her Majesty in camp at Santa Fe. [*To Bro.*] See it off directly. [*Exit Bro.*]

PRIOR. Now then, I am even I believe more enthusiastic on the project than yourself. You'll be my guest over night. This unexpected visit must have been for some wise end; the renewed interest, awe devotion—I feel in your cause, I take as an omen of success.

COL. So may it please heaven, as it seems best to you, proceed. I am your guest, where you lead I'll follow.

PRIOR. All right. The courier carrying my dispatch will reach the Queen this evening. I count on the Queen's favor and her noble spirit of enterprise, no less than her zeal for extending our Lord's kingdom on earth, to grant the audience I ask. I'll expect the messenger to return by midnight with a favorable reply. Till then we will rest. On the receipt of the Queen's invitation, I will call you; we will mount our mules at midnight, and by tomorrow, reach the camp.

COL. When I knocked at your convent gate, my footsteps were towards France. Whilst resting outside your convent windows, as your monks recited Vespers, I heard the words the angel spoke in the service. I have therefore hope this will be the beginning of better things for us all.

PRIOR. What words? What angel?

COL. In a vision, if such it be, I had some time ago, after making a vow to devote the worldly proceeds of this enterprise to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, I thought I heard an angel of the Lord, prophesy the success of my undertaking. The last words of the angel were "When you hear these words of prophecy from Isaiah, sung to God in the Divine Office, then and there will be to you and millions yet to be the beginning of great things." And these things happened this very day. I heard the words of the angel on the lips of your holy monks.—"*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes.*" "And I will set a sign amongst them—that shall be saved to the gentiles unto the sea—to the islands afar off to them that have not heard of me or seen my glory. And they shall declare my glory to the gentiles."

PRIOR.—Marvelous! Wonderful coincidence to say the least.

COL. Wonderful and inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence.

PRIOR. Well, well to our night prayers and rest, the success or failure of tomorrow will be the beginning of the end.

COL. *Finis coronat opus*—the end will crown the work.

PRIOR. Let us pray for success on the morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE II. *The Camp at Santa Fe.—Sentinel on watch.—King, Queen, Alonzo, San Angelo, Marchioness de Moya, Archbishop and Attendants seen in Royal tent—A girl playing a mandoline before them.*

SENTINEL. Who goes there?

PRIOR. A friend, by invitation of Her Majesty, the Queen.

SEN. The countersign.

PRIOR. "Thy kingdom come."

SEN. Pass, by Her Majesty's favor. [*They pass on.*]

Enter PAGE.

PRIOR. [*to page.*] This way, good page. Please announce to Her Majesty the arrival of her servant, Juan Perez de Marchena and his friend Christopher Columbus. [*Exit page and return.*]

PAGE. Their Majesties will admit you directly.

PRIOR. Lead on. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JUAN PEREZ AND COLUMBUS.

[*They advance, salute the Court, and kneel before throne.*]

QUEEN. Welcome, good Father and your noble friend.

COL. [*bows.*] Hoping to deserve your gracious Majesty's consideration.

KING. Good Father, I admire your devotion to our crown and fortunes—the Queen has apprised me of your zeal in this cause.

PRIOR. Sebastian Rodriguez and Alonzo Pinzon, the most celebrated navigators in your Majesty's kingdom are singularly struck with the glittering prospects of success that wait on this venture. They offer to help fit out the expedition and to command a ship. When this good man, so little understood, because in advance of the age he lives in, was passing towards France with the proposal your Council rejected, I felt that Spain's most glorious opportunity was passing by and felt emboldened for the honor of my Sovereigns and country that history should not be so written!

KING. What light, Father, have you on this subject, that you should request us to act against the decision of our most worthy councillors?

PRIOR. This great King: Matters of state to your diplomats, matters of war to your generals in the field, matters of religion to your prelates, but in geographical science and seafaring matters I'd put the knowledge of this man backed by the acquiescence of the best navigators at Palos against the world! They take their own lives in their hands, to carry out the project, the faith of the Martyrs can be put to no severer test.

QUEEN. [*smiling.*] Observe the eloquence of the good Father, whom we so often heard announcing God's truth.

PRIOR. Madam, all that is, is true. I speak of what is. I therefore speak the truth. These men pledge their lives and fortunes. What can Spain lose by this transaction? A trifle not worth the second thought of king or nation. What's to be gained? The glory of the enterprise in any event, the lustre of the achievements, and the eternal glory of universal renown to our glorious sovereigns and our nation, and no doubt, the dominion of a world unknown, the spread of Christianity, the salvation of millions, the glory of God. [*Applause!—Queen talks to the King earnestly.*]

KING. Senor Columbus, the Queen and myself have no greater pleasure than to promote the safety and welfare of our subjects and the honor of our country. Your Reverend friend and eloquent advocate here, who enjoys our most sacred confidence, refers to your maritime friends undertaking part of the cost of this venture. On what terms do you wish to enlist the coöperation of the State?

COL. Any terms, your Majesty, that will be just, equitable and honorable to both.

KING. What might you consider such to be?

COL. The same substantially laid before the court at Lisbon, and which I have here in writing, as I intended to lay the same before your august neighbor, Chas. VIII. of France.

QUEEN. Let the document be read.

ALONZO. [*takes paper and reads, during the reading of which the King shows signs of disapproval, the Queen regret.*]

"This Memorandum of Conditions most respectfully submitted to the Sovereign power undertaking the proposed expedition to reach the Indies by crossing the Ocean of Darkness, as demonstrated and set forth by Christopher Columbus, witnesseth:—

1. That Columbus and his heirs male, forever shall hold the office of Admiral over all the lands he may discover.

2. That he shall be viceroy and Governor-General with right to name governors for the approval of the Sovereign.

3. That he shall receive one tenth of the net value of all pearls, gold, precious stones, silver and merchandise found within his jurisdiction.

4. That he and his subordinates shall be the sole judges in all cases that may arise in his jurisdiction.

5. That he may share with the government in any enterprise undertaken in the Indies, in proportion to his investment.

KING. Until better advised, the terms seem most unsatisfactory.

QUEEN. What think you, my Lord Archbishop, who have charge of our consciences?

ARCHBISHOP. [*rising.*] Whilst filled with admiration at the daring of the man, and wishing from my heart for the success of the expedition and all that it implies to the honor of your Majesties, the welfare of humanity, and the salvation of souls, I must consider and characterize the terms requested as exorbitant and ridiculous. Yesterday this humble man begged for bread—today he treats with sovereigns for realms and wealth and honors. But such a contradiction is man at best—Poor human nature!

COL. My Lord Archbishop, the man who yesterday begged his bread at the convent gate asks not realms nor wealth nor honors from kings unless he first bestows on kings realms and wealth and increased honors amongst the powers of the earth. He asks but a small portion of what he bestows. This is my firm purpose—I hope your Majesties are not offended.

KING. [*rising in haste.*] The offer is declined.

COL. Adieu! once more, God prosper all your ways! With your Majesties' permission I'll resume my journey, so with a last farewell I salute the august Sovereigns of Spain. [*Exit Col.*]

KING. [*to Queen.*] How insolent the old dreamer grew; the old story "Put a beggar on horseback."

QUEEN. [*weeping.*] I weep for the extinction of the spark of genius I see in him. If royalty of mind were not in him, he could not have spoken thus.

PRIOR. [*to King.*] Your Majesty, if he finds nothing, he gets nothing. If he find new countries, unfurling in them our standard, some one must be viceroy—who is better fitted than he who subjects them to your crown?

QUEEN. What say you, Alonzo?

ALONZO. Why this, your Majesty—nothing venture, nothing win. If you divide half and half, land and riches—all he finds—you'll be the gainer by half, by the transaction, if I have any head for figures.

QUEEN. What say you, San Angelo?

SAN ANGELO. Your Majesty, as Don Alonzo says the thing is plain—a diagram on a blackboard could not be plainer. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Honor to whom honor, as St. Paul says.

QUEEN. And you, ladies?

MARCH DE MOYA. Most of the sovereigns of Europe have turned deaf ears. Let the honors of success grace the Queen of Castile.

QUEEN. [*to King.*] My love your Majesty, pardon my spirit, I relent—[*to page.*] Call Columbus back, I feel as if the world were slipping from beneath my feet. [*Exit page.*]

KING. [*coldly.*] The exchequer is empty.

QUEEN. Then I undertake the enterprise for my own Crown of Castile and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds. [*Snatches jewels from her breast and throws down the crown.—Applause.*]

Enter COLUMBUS.

KING. [*to Col. saluting.*] Senor, the Queen persuades our pleasure, your proposition is accepted on your own terms. We will sign the documents forthwith.

ALL. And God prosper the enterprise. [*Col. advances, kisses the hands of Sovereigns, who take and sign the documents.*]

KING. [*knighting him with sword.*] Arise, Admiral Don Christopher Columbus—assume your rank amongst the grandees of Spain.

QUEEN. And of the world.

ALL. Long live the Admiral. Long live the King and our glorious Queen.

COL. And may their lives mark an epoch in history and render Spain glorious evermore.

ALL. Amen—Amen. [*Cheers.*]

COL. Farewell august Sovereigns of Spain. And you noble friends. I'll now to Palos and the expedition shall, God willing, be soon ready for sea.

PRIOR. Come, Heaven smiles upon our efforts. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE III. *The Embarkation at Palos.—The Sea and Harbor, Ship Santa Maria in foreground at Dock.*

PINZON. The morning of the day on which we venture across the fearful ocean is already gliding fast and much remains yet to be done.

Enter COLUMBUS.

Good morning Admiral Columbus. The day is bright and promising—let us hail it as a sign of our good fortune.

COL. Its effects on the men who go with us will be cheering; it will soften the pangs of parting. The darkest picture looks bright in sunshine. How? Are all aboard?

PINZON. Mostly. Nearly all down below, arraigning all things for the voyage.

COL. 'Tis well—see that nothing be forgotten or over-

looked. Ah here comes one I must have met before. Who is he, Pinzon?

Enter CAPT. CANO.

CAPT. CANO. Admiral Columbus congratulations upon your good fortune. Don't you remember the old sea-dog of Lisbon, some seven or eight years back?

COL. Yes, yes—Capt. Cano, to be sure. Well, well 'tis an unexpected pleasure, I assure you. Have you been persuaded to come with us?

CAPT. CANO. Persuaded! I was persuaded since I saw Bibulo here walk round that globe of yours. [*Laughs.—ha! ha!*] Pity he didn't break his blessed neck. [*Ha! ha!*] By the way you didn't notice this is Bibulo, the Bo'sn's man that wouldn't go ten leagues from Lisbon.

COL. [*laughing.*] Yes, yes. [*to Bibulo.*] Coming with your friend Capt. Cano, my man?

BIBULO. Yes, Admiral, I am always into anything with grog in it. Water is good enough to sail over but 'tis hello to get into a fellow. Never knew it to agree with any one yet. Known lots of fellows to be drowned.

CAPT. CANO. Because they fell overboard?

BIBULO. Not at all. Weren't hurt a bit—'tis because they took too much water inside 'em.

ALL. Ha! ha! ha!

CAPT. You won't be drowned then if you can help it.

BIB. Not if I can succeed in keeping water out of my body.

CAPT. CANO. How do you manage that?

BIB. Nothing keeps out water like grog. [*All laugh.*]

CAPT. CANO. Well if you take luck with us we'll see that you'll not be drowned, if we can help it.

BIB. I am your man, then, if plenty of grog keeps out the water—sail anywhere in this world—or any other world! Won't fear the devil as long as the grog holds out. [*Exit Bib!*]

COL. Jolly fellow, he'll be good help to cheer up the men. Many are inclined to be disheartened leaving wives and children and home.

CAPT. CANO. No wonder these land lubbers are ever so As for myself I never had any or either. "The sailor's home is on the main, the warrior's on the tented plain" as the poet says. Ha! ha! ha!

PINZON. Admiral, what are the orders about the vessels the Nina and Pinta?

COL. Are they all ready?

PINZON. All ready and dropped down the bay.

COL. Signal them to remain inside the point till we weigh anchor and the Santa Maria takes the lead, as we clear port.

PINZON. I'll pass the order [*to Capt. Cano.*] Signal the Pinta and Nina to await the Admiral's orders inside the point.

CAPT. CANO. Aye, aye, Sir. I will tell Bo's'n to send Bibulo in small boat with signal and signal officer, directly. [*Capt. Cano writes order.—To Bib.*] Take yon small boat with the Admiral's order and see signal officer, immediately.

BIB. Aye, aye, Sir. [*Exit Bibulo.*]

Enter IRISH WILL.

WILL. [*to Capt.*] Are you the boss that runs this boat

CAPT. C. [*laughing.*] No, yonder is the Admiral.

WILL. [*to Col.*] Begging your pardon, Capt., I'd like to go across.

COL. Who are you, my man?

WILL. An old salt, your honor.

COL. Where do you hail from, and what is your name?

WILL. IRISH WILL from Galway.

COL. What put into your head to come with us? Why the king could scarcely induce the seamen of his service to accompany us.

WILL. Why, there must be lots of my people over there already, and I thought I'd like to look 'em up, as I was traveling around, about the seas and coasts everywhere else.

COL. What did you ever hear about land beyond the ocean?

WILL. Oh, I heard lots about it in Ireland. St. Brendan of Kerry near our place sailed over with lots of people ages ago, but we haven't heard from 'em in a long time, and the saint is dead.

COL. [*dryly.*] Most of them are. I'll be glad to accept your service, my man. [*To Pinzon.*] He's one of the right sort, we can't have too many like him.

PINZON. But what about his queer saying—about his people being over there already?

COL. Oh! one of the well known old traditions of Ireland. The future alone will show what's in it.

Enter PRIOR AND MONKS.

In good time to bless our voyage, good Father Perez, with your brethren.

PRIOR. And may your voyage, Admiral, bear Christ's blessing to another world.

COL. Good Father, have all the men prepared themselves for the voyage?

PRIOR. Yes, Admiral, it was a most edifying sight; every one of them received the Sacraments early this morning with yourself, when I celebrated Mass for the success of the expedition. I did not miss one. God's blessing will surely be with you all.

COL. Then good Father we will say good bye, so bless us before we go. [*All kneel.*]

PRIOR. Benedictio &c. [*Embraces Columbus after blessing.*]

COL. [*rising.*] Order all aboard and weigh anchor.

PINZON. Bo'sn, weigh anchor. All aboard. Pass the order.

Bo'sN. Aye, aye, Sir! [*Whistles his signals to the sailors who are about to come aboard.*]

COL. Make haste—all aboard for the Indies.

[*Parting Scene. Friends, wives and children bidding sailors adieu. Weeping.*]

1st. Wife [*screaming out.*] Oh God! can I ever let you go?
[*Falls on sailor's neck and weeps.*]

2nd. Wife. Oh I'd rather see you going to your grave, where you'd be buried like a christian.

WILL. Bless my eyes they are getting up a wake already, why we are only going off on a little diversion. [*Some laughing.*]

SAILOR. Chéer up, little wife, we'll be home again, till then keep bright cheer and be good to the little ones.

CHILDREN. Oh! Papa, Papa don't go, please don't. [*Crying.*]
[*Wives and children all cry aloud.*]

COL. Be of good heart, women and little ones, the separation is only for a short time, sailors, you know, can't be always on shore.

PRIOR. God will bless the expedition; instead of weeping, join your prayers with ours for the safety of your friends. Wont you, my children?

ALL. Yes, Father, we will pray—Oh! God, 'tis hard to bear

COL. All aboard and weigh anchor directly. [*All go aboard. Weighing anchor—Bo'sn sings!*]

Bo'sN. Oh, we're jolly sailor lads
And our home is on the sea!

Chorus, Haul away, haul away, haul away,
When you can!

[*All pull on rope crying Heigh—ho!*]

Bo'sN. 2. Oh we sail across the main
And we're coming back again,
Chours, Haul away, &c.

[*All pull—Heigh—ho!*]

Bo'sN. 3. Land lubbers all good bye
For now we're all afloat!
Chorus, Haul away, &c.

[*All pull—Heigh—ho!*]

COL. Pipe all hands aloft.

Bo'sN. [*whistles.*] Lads, we'll sing farewell to Spain.

[*Sailors sing as vessel moves off midst cheers and adieus from those on shore.—Father Perez nola's out his hands in benediction.*]

SONG.

A FAREWELL TO SPAIN.

Farewell to our homes and the scenes of our childhood,
 The vine covered hill, the luxuriant plain;
 Farewell to the picturesque mountain and valley,
 'Tis sorrow to part thee O, beautiful Spain.

Chorus. We sail o'er the ocean
 We'll come back again
 Bearing wealth from the Indies
 And glory to Spain!
 Hispania, farewell
 Though grieving at heart
 Yet we must depart
 For the Western Shore!

Then trusting in God with Columbus to lead us,
 We seek the unknown o'er the western main
 Christ bearing Mission, O bright Star of Empire,
 For thy glory, we leave thee, O beautiful Spain.
 Chorus. We sail &c.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Ocean.*

Enter CHORUS, AS ATLANTA, Spirit of the Deep.

ATLANTA. The port is cleared, at length the die is cast,
 Upon the deep now rolls the gallant fleet
 Forth from the coasts at Saltez roads near Palos!
 Oh list then to the adventures of the deep—
 Transfer your thoughts four centuries back in time
 And see in mind what then and there transpired
 Oh mind how Godlike is thy flight of thought
 Nor time nor space can bound thy grand domain
 Imagination must give mental sight
 To realize all that our words portray;
 Put forth this power—the voyage then is real
 And I'm ATLANTA Spirit of the deep.
 Who watch and vigil o'er the ocean keep,
 E'en as 'twas kept from first creation's dawn
 Till now. My dominions from pole to pole—
 The troubled main in surging billows roll,
 Holding the halves of this great world asunder,
 God like a husbandman (his fields the world,)
 By halves his acres tills. Whilst this bears fruit

The other half lay fallow. Now the time
 Arrives to put this last in cultivation.
 What fruits and flowers this garden of the Lord
 Will yet bring forth to deck the Western World!
 What wine to gladden e'en the heart of God
 Will in libation pour to him in season,
 From labor by him sent into this vineyard!

And so by God's decree I've walked the deep
 To drive back daring mortals to their shores,
 Or if exception once by Heaven were made
 I closed the seas quickly on their return,
 That others should not follow and thus bring
 Together men whom God had put asunder!
 So like the cherubim of old who watched
 With flaming sword the gates of Paradise
 I've watched and waited here by God's command
 Five thousand years and more till he destined,
 The Christ-bearer, should come, whose vow to God
 Unlocked the gates. And now at length he comes
 Like Moses cleaving passage through the sea—
 What blessings borne for nations yet to be!

But ere we glance with eye of prophecy
 To regions yet unknown, lo! and behold
 The tear stained folk that crowd the shore of Spain!
 Wives mothers, friends salute with last adieu
 In tears. Yet joy with sorrow fiercely strives
 And with despairing looks, vainly contends
 To shake off present grief, with future glory!
 Will they e'er see their loved ones' faces more?
 Is not the husband torn from loving wife?
 Will not the children fond oft weep and cry
 For fathers that once sailed from sunny Palos?
 God! how their eyes did watch the floating pennant
 That faded into cloudland at the masthead
 As melted into cloud and sea the fleck
 Of form against the distant sky made by
 The ships in parting. Oh what eyes will peer
 In pensive eagerness for their return
 If e'er again 'tis fated thus to be!
 With hearts as sad as sadness is in parting
 They turn their footsteps 'gain into the village—
 Leave you them there and turn your thoughts to ocean
 Where high on deck as sinks his native shore
 The seaman climbs to see Palos once more,
 For hearts as tender as of wife or child
 Have they that go down to the sea in ships

But present hopes must cast their cares behind
 As wind and sea allure the ships along,

Till Spain a streak of darkness 'pears and then
 Is by the waves submerged, leaving the ships
 Sole occupants of circling wave and sky!
 Columbus cheers the hearts of stalwart men
 Whose feelings tempered by the present duty
 Make sentiment a sacrifice to purpose.
 The Vesper bell is sounded on the ships,
Salve Regina floats from seamen's lips—
 God bless the caravels, as night comes down
 What dangers crouch in wait 'round them in this
 Vast unknown—unsailed sea!

With prayers, regrets, with prospects filled with gloom,
 Days come and go. The selfsame waves and sky
 Keep circling round as if to mock vain man,
 To subtract space from infinite domain!

At length when the full moon with which they sailed
 Was full again they spied an island fair
 An oasis of rest in a desert,
 The shining world of waters,
 Here was the last point man had ever known
 So far beyond the usual 'bode of man
 It stood the finger—post 'twixt man and God
 Its morning shadow fell on the unknown!

But now e'en this must too be left behind
 Else to what purpose have th' adventurers come?
 As night came down when this last mark of earth
 Was swallowed up in surge. Great God! 'twas then
 The strongest reeled and tottered in their faith!
 Lost! lost! already drowned in whelming fear
 Friends, home and country, never to see more
 "Crying cursed the hour and luckless too the day
 When first from Palos walls I bent my way."

But knowing passion must passion control
 Columbus 'peals to th' avaricious soul
 With glowing pictures, wealth of famed Cathay
 Their fears are overcome, for men will oft
 When glittering treasure sparkles to the view
 All else forget, as little children do
 When sobbing deeply as if heart would break,
 A gilded plaything routs the aching sorrow—
 These barter pain today for joy tomorrow.

See the fair fleet as if assured again
 Of success promised plough the vasty deep.
 The Nina and Pinta by the Pinzons sailed
 The Santa Maria with Columbus leads—

The sails bulge out filled with the eastern gales
And Westward Ho! the expedition sails!

But new worlds must new dangers too conceal
The needle fails at length to point the pole!
A meteor shoots athwart the sky close by
Hot hissing as if sent with deadly aim
From Heaven to check the impudence of man
And guard the secrets held by the Unknown!

The storm now too breaks forth in strongest blast
Tossing the seas sky-high one horrid mass!
Control is fled! Mutiny, wild of eye,
With panting breath devotes to lowest hell
The author of their fate. Columbus holds
Firm as adamant his purpose now,
And charms them back with promises of land
Soon to be met. And so by short respite
The mariner is not tossed in the sea!
Columbus has his charmed life safe once more
And onward leads to seek the western shore.

A floating tree one day picked up at once
Confirms the confidence of his weary crew—
Now oh so long at sea that if these words
Were hours these lines so many days and nights
'Twould faintly picture the long watch for land!

They pass in wonder through the grassy sea
All seaweed from the rise to set of sun
Apparently 'twas both, yet neither land nor water.
Surely this must be vast creation's edge
Where form with chaos dawn so strangely blend
As where on th'evening of creation's day
The work half done was there and then abandoned!
Curiosity with daring now did vie
To onward forge their way to see the end—
And so for nine long nights 'twas still the same
They plunged in darkness through the grassy sea

Oh you that listen think when horrid night
Crept down in blackness round the adventurers then
Would not your soul sink in you? Yet onward
They pressed after the setting sun. At length
Land! Land! the cry is heard, but Oh! how sad—
The heart sank down for 'twas a false alarm!

Instead of land the Ocean 'peared once more
As vast and boundless 'yond the grassy sea
As 'twas off Spain when they lost sight of shore

What folly then to sail still further on
To reach the bound of infinite expanse ?

But onward—westward, still they hold their course
Till day to night and night to day did run
So many times, the weary reckoning up
Of weeks to months and months upon each other
Did make the heart sick—Oh so far from Spain !
The further gone the further to return—
If e'er again they'd live to trace the course,

Oh pride of kings ! Oh daring mortal man
Why seek dominion with such hungered eyes
That air and sea are scrutinized in vain
To find a trace, a hint of other realms
That yet remain to your power unsubjected ?

With senses keen for any trace of land
Columbus reads in waves and sky the news
Of the event that soon will crown his labors.
A reed that floated idly by the ship
Had roots that once must have been firm in land—
And like the olive branch brought by the dove
To Noe's ark, he hailed it as a sign
Of dry land where he yet would set his foot.

The ships next day follow the flight of birds
Seen in the western sky. And hope runs high
As to what the morrow will bring forth—
Oh now good friends sharpen your eyes and ears
The Western World is bursting into view—
Land ! Land ! they cry with prayers and tears of joy
The Pinta's gun booms out the joyful news
America is discovered ! All hail fair west !
Your eyes and ears will now behold the rest.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE II. *The Landing of Columbus.—The shore of San Salvador! Indians peering through the forest, some with arrows, some smoking. As Columbus" and sailors are heard approaching, singing "Ave, Maris Stella," all yell and run off in terror.*

Enter COLUMBUS, OFFICERS AND CREW.

COL. [*falling on his knees, kisses the ground thrice, sobbing and praying.*] Lord ! Eternal and Almighty God, who by thy sacred word hast created the heavens and the earth, and the seas, may thy name be blessed everywhere. May thy Majesty be exalted, who hast deigned to permit that by thy humble

servant thy sacred name should be made known and preached in this other part of the world.

ALL. Amen! Amen! So be it! So may it be!

COL. [*unfurling standard and drawing sword.*] "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I take possession of this territory beyond the seas for the honor and glory of God and plant this standard in the name and by the authority of our gracious Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella."

CAPT. C. Three Cheers—Hip, hip, hurrah! [*All cheer and shout, Long live Ferdinand and Isabella.*]

COL. Long life and prosperity to our most gracious Sovereigns. [*To Bo'sn.*] See and provide the wood to erect the sign of redemption on these shores. Provide wood to make a large cross to be erected here.

BO'SN. Aye, aye, Sir. [*Exeunt Bo'sn and sailors who bring wood and make cross.*]

PINZON. The natives fled at our approach, Admiral.

COL. Let us seek after them and entice them back by kindness. Where are those presents we brought in the boats for them?

PINZON. I'll have them fetched directly. [*To Capt. C.*] Bring those packages of trinkets, you'll find them in the Admiral's boat.

CAPT. C. Aye, aye, Sir. [*Exit Capt. C.*]

COL. And now having taken possession of this land, in God's name and in that of our most gracious Sovereigns, the Royal Notary will read their Majesties' credentials for the information of all, touching the government of the new world.

NOTARY. [*reads document.*]

Decree of their Most Catholic Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella to all their well beloved people, owing allegiance to the Crown:—

Be it ordained and the same hereby ordered, that our beloved and distinguished Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus, is hereby commissioned Viceroy and Admiral of all the lands he may discover beyond the Western Ocean, the same to take effect on and after his taking public possession of the same and publishing this decree.

Given under our hands and seals at the Camp of Santa Fe, this 17th. day of April, 1492.

Signed by

Ferdinand, Rex.
Isabella, Reg.

[*L. S.*]

ALL. 'Tis well, 'tis well, long live our noble Admiral and Viceroy, Don Christopher Columbus! Three cheers. Hip, hip, hurrah!

COL. Assuming under God and the will of our gracious Sovereigns the responsibility of this government, as Admiral

and Viceroy, let all concerned govern themselves according to the decree of their Majesties hereby promulgated.

NOTARY. Has your Highness any order or decree to be observed under present circumstances?

COL. It would seem scarcely necessary since the same necessity for strict discipline that held on shipboard still holds here in the face of unknown dangers when the safety of one is the safety of all.

CAPT. C. But the natives, the riches, the future?

COL. True, true,—the natives under God shall be our first care. Notary make a note—as follows:—

“It is hereby declared by virtue of Royal authority, vested in us as Viceroy of the Indies and Admiral of the fleet, that any one killing, injuring, insulting or maltreating the natives of these parts will be guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors and grave offences against our authority and will be liable to pains and penalties as provided in case of acts of insubordination and mutiny on the high seas under their Majesties’ flag. And so it is hereby declared and the record so ordered. [*Columbus signs Decree.*]

ALL. Good, good.

CAPT. C. The welfare of all depends on its observance.

COL. Let Christian charity be the rule with all, then the law will be offence to none.

ALL. 'Tis good and right. Long live the Admiral and Viceroy of the Indies!

[*Enter Bo's'n and sailors bringing cross which they have made—Columbus erects it there.—Officers assisting.*]

COL. [*All kneeling.*] We set up this sign of man's redemption and fervently hope its tidings will bring salvation to all on this side of the world!

ALL. Amen, amen, so be it!

NOTARY. Your Highness has not yet named these parts. This place where, as well as the time when, should be designated in all Records.

COL. Oh, yes, Quite right. [*Drawing his sword, he strokes the standard, and lays it at the foot of the cross.*] I name this land San Salvador, in honor of our holy Savior whose tidings we bear. [*To Notary.*] And let it be so recorded.

NOTARY. [*writing in book.*] It is done as ordered.

COL. Let us return thanks in the glorious praise of Te Deum Laudamus.

ALL. It is truly meet and just.

ALL. [*singing.*]

Holy God, we praise Thy name,
Lord above we bow before Thee,
All on earth Thy sceptre claim
All in Heaven above adore Thee.
Infinite Thy vast domain
Everlasting is Thy reign.

COL. Let us take these presents and by christian kindness endeavor to obtain the confidence of the Indians.

PINZON. 'Tis well, your Highness, the gifts are here. See the natives peering at us through the forest. Naked savages, every one of them. [*Exeunt Columbus, officers and sailors.*]

CAPT. C. Bloodthirsty cannibals, no doubt like those of Guinea. Go on good friends—I'll stay near the boat. My limbs are too tough—this old sea-dog is too tough to make these gentlemen of the western woods a decent breakfast.

BIBULO. With grog enough to float you, I've had tougher in my time.

CAPT. C. Ha! ha! Bibulo. What was the toughest experience you ever had?

BIB. Oh when I had to surprise my stomach with water. Come on, man, we'll see the animals anyhow. 'Tis as good as a circus.

CAPT. C. You go, Bibulo, and I hope they'll eat you. [*Exit Bibulo.*]

Enter WILL.

WILL. [*Falls down before the cross, blesses himself and prays.*]

CAPT. C. Come on, man, let us search further for gold; the sands are shining yellow under the sun—half gold dust, I'll warrant.

WILL. Can't you let a fellow say his prayers?

CAPT. C. Prayers—Fiddlesticks! I didn't come here for the good of my health.

WILL. Nor the good of your soul, I'll bet my head.

CAPT. C. Good of my soul! You make me tired. You ought to be a monk. Who put up that cross there?

WILL. The Admiral, I suppose.

CAPT. C. Well that beats the devil.

WILL. That's just the intention.

Enter Columbus with officers, sailors, and Indians—Natives jingling bells and dancing—feels Columbus' beard and limbs—Pinzon gives native a mirror—He sees himself and yells and runs to the forest.

BIBULO. See the gold in these fellows' ears and noses. God! couldn't a fellow go on the devil of a spree on the strength of some of these shiners if he had 'em back in Spain. [*Lays hold of native who yells and runs off.*]

COL. [*drawing his sword.*] What's this? What's this?

PINZON. Nothing only that fellow, Bibulo, tried to gouge the gold rings out of that fellow's nose and ears. Ha! ha! See him scoot as if the devil was after him.

COL. Silence, no jest. The majesty of the law is violated under my eyes. [*to Capt C.*] Put that man in irons on my ship till further orders. [*They seize Bib.*]

BIB. [*scuffles and roars.*] What do these dudes without

clothes want jewelry for? They haven't a pocket for change to buy grog.

CAPT. C. Well you got yourself into hot water whatever you'll do for grog.

BIB. The Devil take the whole of 'em. Aint I sorry I came over.

CAPT. C. You'll be sorry for this, Bibulo. [*Exit Capt. C. and Bib. who scuffles and fights till out of sight.*]

PINZON. [*to native in dumb show.*] Where do you get the gold to make these things? [*Points to ear-rings.*]

NATIVE. [*grins, talks in dumb show to other Indians. They smile and point to 'he south and show how they get it from the ground.*]

COL. 'Tis well, that must be the region of Cipango and the far famed Cathay where gold and pearls line the verdant shores. We will seek these farther south, and by presents induce the natives to come along, and show the way to unmeasured wealth of gold. Oh God, then will I fulfill my vow to Heaven. And for deliverance and success so far I thank Thee. [*To all.*] All aboard then, my men. When these Indians show us the riches of Cathay I'll deliver this letter of their Majesties to the potentate of the East, the grand Khan. I'll leave on this side such of you as wish to remain, a garrison in the New World, and I'll return to Spain, with the glorious tidings and specimens of the natives and their wealth.

ALL. Good, good, Most Excellent Viceroy!

COL. All aboard then, and God prosper the journey of exploration so auspiciously begun.

PINZON. Your Excellency, these men here, before embarking again wish to crave the pardon of the most Exalted Viceroy for their mutiny and want of confidence in their Admiral, crossing the Sea of Darkness.

CAPT. C. Self-preservation, the first law of nature is their only defense. What will not a man do for his life? I'm a tough old sea-dog, but from such fears as we have passed through good Lord deliver us, I say.

ALL. So say we all, good Capt.—good—well said.

COL. The Notary is ordered to take note of your submission and repentance. In the name of our gracious Sovereigns from my heart I forgive you all.

ALL. [*Cheers.*] Long live the Admiral and Viceroy!

CAPT. C. We'll follow you whithersoever you lead though hell should yawn before us. I'm a tough old sea-dog—I know the boys and they'll do it. Wont you boys?

ALL. We will, we will!

COL. Then onward to the ships. Farewell dear untutored children of the forest. Where this cross stands I vow a temple to Almighty God, where you will hear the tidings of redemption of the God-man who suffered for you and me and all the human race on that cross. There baptized in the water of life you'll be the first fruits of our labors. [*Embrac-*

ing them.] My dear children farewell. God have you in his holy keeping. Take up the standard and onward to the ship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE III. *The Return of Columbus to Spain. The Ocean.*

Enter CHORUS, AS ATLANTA, SPIRIT OF THE DEEP.

Now homeward bound, Columbus sails again
And turns his prow towards Palos whence he came
Leaving amazed the Indian world behind!
To speed the news of what he saw and heard
He hastens back, for now there are no fears.
Since science treads on superstition's heel
And shadowy forms fade before the torch
Which faith and science hold to light the deep!

The immortal craft in which Columbus sailed
Westward, is now the timbers of the fort
That garrisons Hispaniola's bay.
The Pinta too deserted from the fleet
Leaving the Nina single and alone
To bring Columbus back again to Palos!
Oh blessed thought of loving friends and home
Our hearts have wings that far outfly out feet
When love goads eagerness to swift return.

Kind friends, you're eager too to see him back
With news that sets the world's tongues a wagging
For who till now came back from other worlds?

But storms arise to crush the fragile bark
He casts his well sealed tidings to the deep
That if 'twere so by fate or Heaven decreed
That he should perish yet his work should live!
But God whose will the winds and waves obey
Is merciful and completes his design
By watching o'er the mariner on the deep.

If now your thoughts have kept the ships in view
You're back to Spain where sunny Palos too
Crowds the white strand, astounded all agape!
With awe they view the trophies brought to shore
Friends weep with joy to see their own once more.

Leave now the ships in Palos' sunny port
Follow the gaping crowd to Barcelona's court
Whither our hero goes 'midst cannon's roar—
'Midst peals of joy, and grand Cathedral chimes,
'Midst flaunting flags, and banners all unfurled
He gives to Spain the Conquest of a World!

ACT III.

SCENE IV THE COURT AT BARCELONA.—*Drums and Music heard approaching.—The Populace shouting without.—King and Queen on throne attended by Courtiers, Cardinal, Dr. Toto, King's Fool etc.*

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Make way, make way for the Viceroy of the Indies. [*To the throne.*] May it please your Most Catholic Majesties and the dignitaries of your Royal Court, I have the honor to announce the arrival of the Viceroy of the Indies, your most Excellent Majesties' Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus.

KING. The news of his good fortune has out-stripped his approach. Admit him to our presence immediately.

QUEEN. Oh glory to God, how I long to see and hear, surely such a marvelous thing is not in the annals of the world.

Enter COLUMBUS.

COURT. [*rising.*] 1. All hail to the Viceroy of the Indies!
2. Hail to the discoverer of the new Spain!
3. Long live the Admiral!

CARD. Glory to God for the spread of Christ's kingdom. Your Holy Mother, the Church, welcomes her distinguished son [*Embraces him.*]

COL. To God be the glory, we are but unprofitable servants. [*Approaching the throne.*] Hail most august Sovereigns! Your most humble and obedient subject—the Admiral and Viceroy of your own beneficent creation—returns to your throne to lay at your feet the dominion of the other side of the world where we have planted your royal standard and taken possession and ruled in your name consecrating the land on which we first knelt by the name of our Holy Savior. [*Kneels and kisses the hand of King and Queen.*]

QUEEN. Rise, most excellent and honored Viceroy, 'tis God not we who chose you for the work and has directed all your ways. Come, sit beside us, all the honor that even royalty can bestow is a mere bauble to those whom God himself has crowned with universal renown.

KING. [*shaking hands.*] Don Christopher, this year must be marked in golden characters in the history of Spain as the most glorious that ever dawned upon our realm.

QUEEN. 'Twill mark an era in the history of the world.

COL. The year was only three days old, when it was my good fortune to see your Majesties bring a national contest of seven hundred years warfare to a most happy conclusion, by the conquest of Granada, crushing forever the power of the Moors on the soil of Spain. Surely this year, 1492, is a remarkable year for Spain.

CARD. Aye, and great as our national triumph over the Moors

is, this new conquest is far greater because of worldwide importance for God and humanity.

COL. Your Majesties will allow me to present the first tribute of your domains beyond the great ocean. [*Presents the gold, birds and natives &c.*]

KING. Most Marvelous, truly. [*Examining the natives, gold &c.*] Is the territory extensive?

COL. It is so extensive as to be a world in itself. Islands, larger than all Spain, abound, fair in climate and rich in all God's gifts to man; fair as the garden of Paradise, like gems, on the breast of the ocean.

QUEEN. And the natives, what a strange race! Are they numerous?

COL. Your Majesty's subjects, Madam, in the Indies, remind me of the vision of St. John in Patmos, a multitude that no man could number, and as simple and good as they are numerous.

QUEEN. What an offering to our Lord in holy baptism!

COL. Aye, may they people the vacant seats in Heaven.

ALL. Amen, amen.

FOOL. [*seeing Indians smoking.*] Oh my eye, my eye, this duffer swallows fire and is burning up, he's afire inside, look at the smoke coming out of his mouth like a chimney! Get a bucket of water somebody quickly.

ALL. What's that? what's the matter?

COL. [*laughing.*] This is a pastime of these savages which they immensely enjoy. They set fire to a weed called tobacco, in an earthen bowl, and swallow the smoke. [*All look astonished. —Indians dance.*]

ALL. Wonderful. Wonderful, indeed.

DR. TOTO. But it doesn't look human. Do they enjoy it?

COL. Oh 'tis food and drink and night prayers to them, without it they couldn't live.

FOOL. The very thing for me. [*Takes pipe from Indian, puts bowl in his mouth, swallows smoke, burns his mouth, drops pipe and yells. All laugh, including the Indians who yell and dance for joy.*]

DR. TOTO. And so I am told, your Majesty, there was nothing in the way after all. Surely anybody might have gone and made the discovery.

KING. What has the fool got now, I wonder? Look here, sirrah.

FOOL. Don't know, Sir. [*Showing egg.*]

DR. TOTO. Why, you fool, any fool could see that's an egg.

FOOL. Thank you for one of 'em—I thought it might be a chicken with a shell on him.

QUEEN. What are you doing with it?

FOOL. [*smiling.*] To study how the world is round. See, round and round and round. [*To Court.*] See here is Spain, and the ocean—and here is the other place where these fire smoking fellows came from. [*To Dr. Toto.*] Stand it up till I

show his Majesty where his dominions lie round the other side of the world.

DR. TOTO. [*trying.*] Nobody can do that, you fool. [*Whispers to fool.*] Ask Columbus to try—we'll have fun with the Viceroy.

FOOL. Admiral, stand this egg up for me; none of these smart people can do it, so I can't show them how the world is round and where you have been on the other side of it.

COL. [*taking egg, strikes it and it stands.*] There!

ALL. [*laughing.*] Well done. [*Cheers.*]

DR. TOTO. Anybody can do that.

FOOL. Easily enough when you know how.

ALL. Just like the discovery of America. [*All laughing boisterously.*]

KING. Admiral Don Christopher Columbus, in returning thanks to the Almighty, we recognize his divine providence in having chosen you to fulfill this great design. We, in the presence of the Court, publicly acknowledge your most distinguished services to our realm and so hereby we confirm all the powers, privileges and prerogatives already bestowed.

QUEEN. We will fit out extensive expeditions immediately and colonize the land and spread the kingdom of Christ among those poor heathens. Oh God, grant us grace to see them brought into your kingdom.

KING. We'll publish this discovery at once by proclamation throughout our realms, and all our subjects and the world will at once know that you, Don Christopher Columbus, stand next to our throne in our love, honor and affection.

COL. To God be the glory.

QUEEN. And to those whom God has honored.

KING. We will now to the Cathedral for the solemn act of thanksgiving, to the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.

TABLEAU.

THE DYING VISION OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus on his deathbed to the right, with hands raised to Heaven. Three Angels at his head—the first, pointing with right hand to Heaven—the second, smoothing his pillow—the third, pointing to the Characters of the Vision—Indians grouped around the Cross in prayer—Chains on wall over bed.—A Monk kneeling at bedside holding crucifix—The American Nations grouped to the left with shields and swords and banners—Columbia in centre with the Stars and Stripes, surrounded by figures of Peace, Plenty, Art, Science, Justice, &c. Red White and Blue fire, in turn, then simultaneously—Slow Music. Air—America, 'tis of thee.

CURTAIN.

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Atlanta, Spirit of the Deep, as Chorus.....Miss Alice Owens
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ACT. II. Scene 1. The Convent of La Rabida. The influential Prior—the vespers—the prophecy. On to the camp. Scene 2. The camp of Santa Fe. The Court. The argument of Father Perez. The decision of the Queen. Columbus called back. The signing of the documents. Scene 3. The embarkation at Palos. The Santa Maria. Weighing anchor. The parting. FAREWELL to Spain.

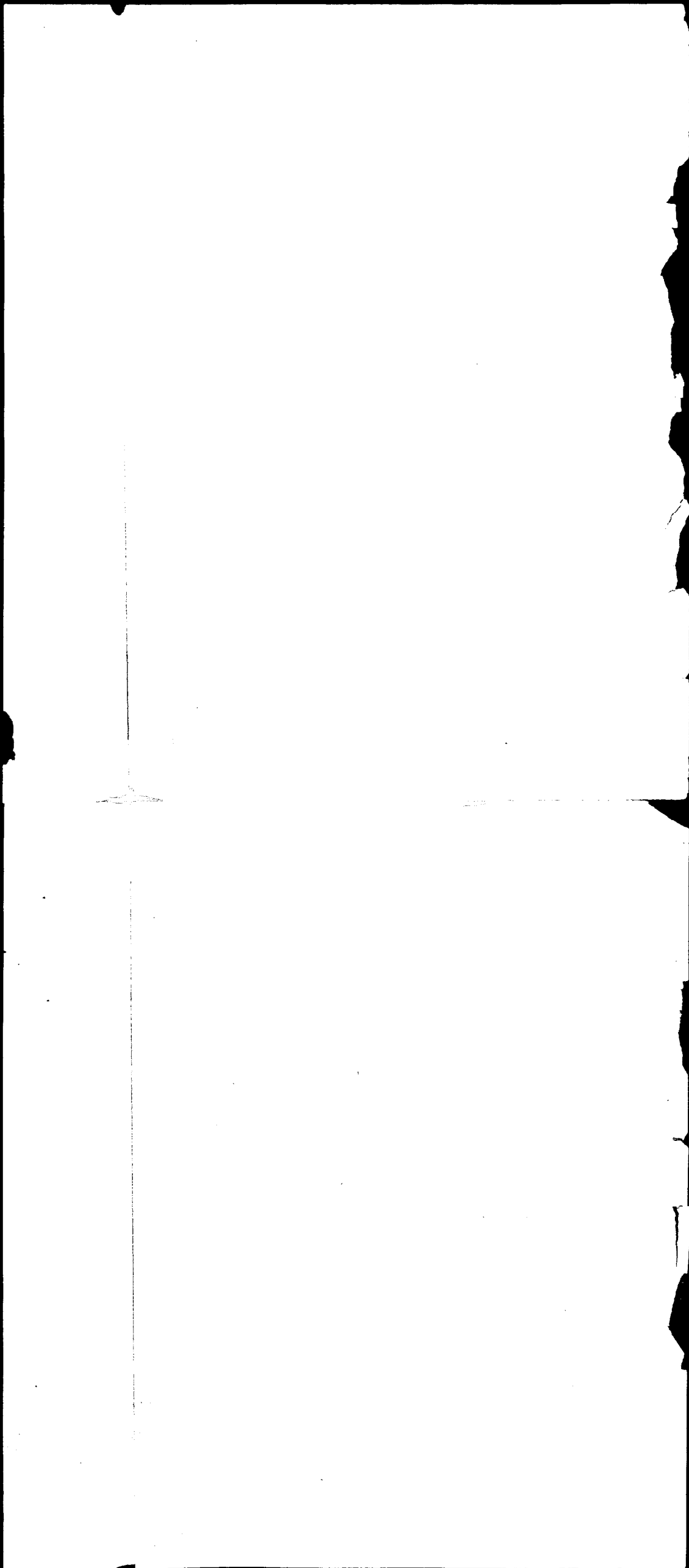
ACT. III. Scene 1. The ocean. Atlanta. Spirit of the deep. Describes the voyage. The Discovery. Scene 2. The landing of Columbus. The prayer. Planting the Cross and Royal Colors. Indians. Decrees. The gold. Onward to the ships. Scene 3. The triumphal return of Columbus to Spain. The Court at Barcelona. The ovation. Indian dance. The Egg. The final glory of success.

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Columbus on his deathbed to the right, with his hands raised to Heaven. Three Angels at his head—the first pointing with right hand to Heaven—the second, smoothing his pillow—the third, pointing to the Characters of the Vision—Chains on wall over bed—A Monk kneeling at Bedside holding crucifix. The American Nations grouped to the left with shields and swords and banners—Columbia in centre with the Stars and Stripes, surrounded by figures of Peace, Plenty, Art, Science, Justice, &c. Red, White and Blue fire in turn, then simultaneously—Slow Music. America 'Tis of Thee.

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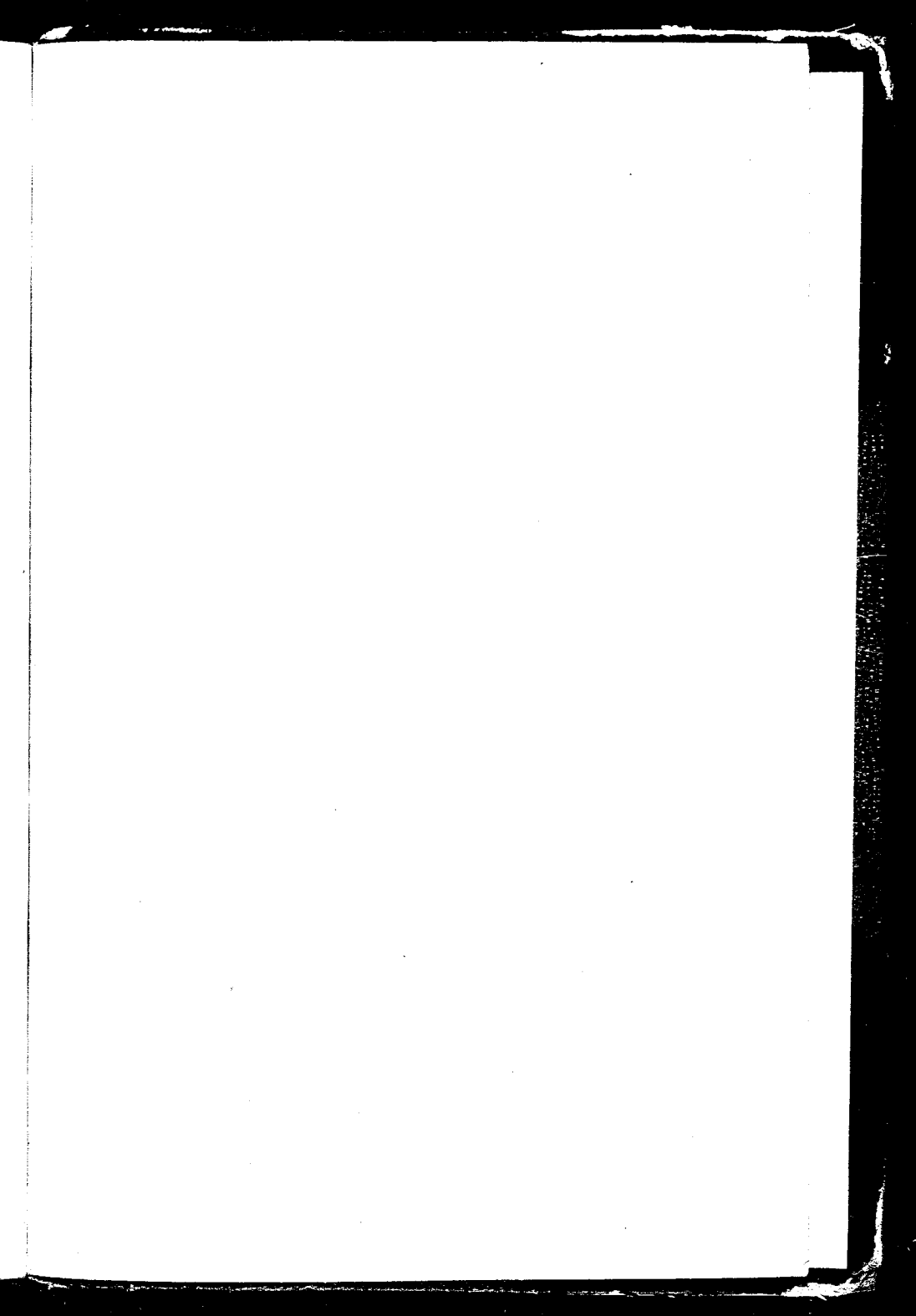
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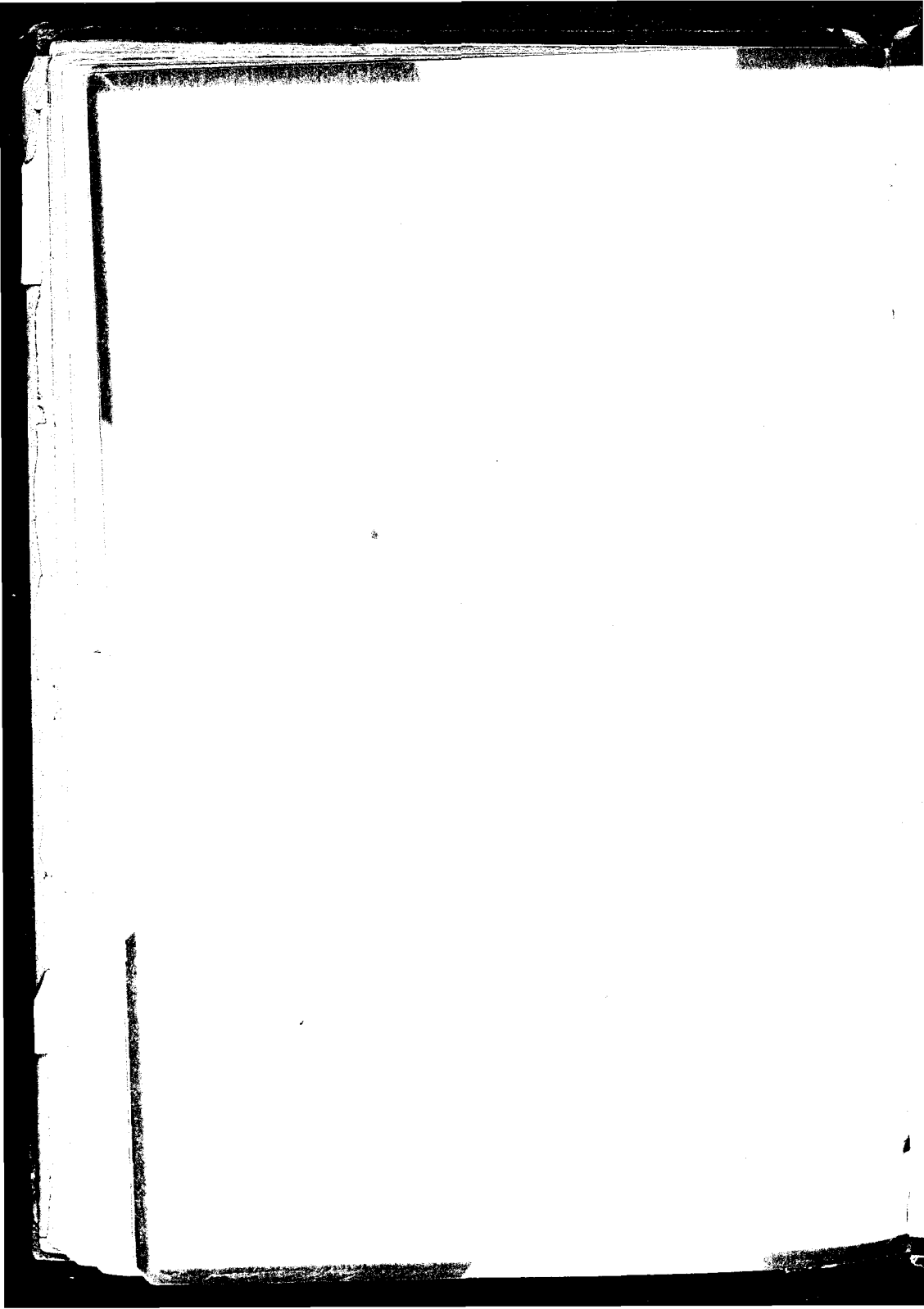
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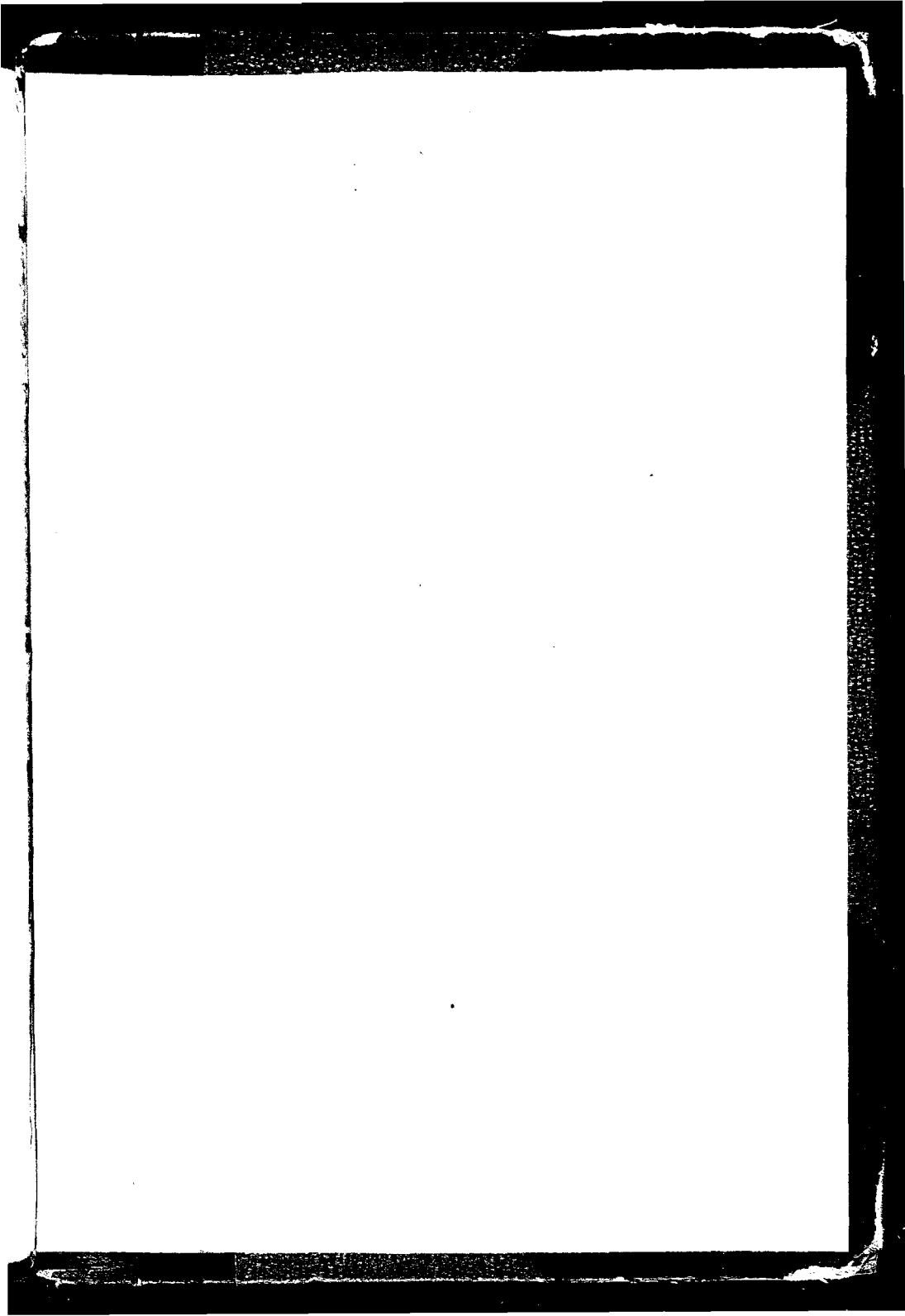
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